

To the Editors:

First let me introduce myself. I am presently assistant features editor on that rightwing, fascist newspaper, the Eagle. I have been working for this piece of John Birch propaganda for about a year now, since I first entered American University in 1966.

I would like to comment on a recent article by Mr. Harrison Shafter, former Eagle news editor and now special writer. l have known Mr. Shaffer for about six months and we are on very good terms, so this is not a personal vendetta against him or anyone else mentioned in this letter. Like him and you, l consider myself left of center, radical, and all that. I think most of the crap written in the Establishment press is just that - crap. (I only read the comics.) I believe AU is just about the most reactionary campus around. John Birch and Robert Welch would be proud of it. L too, have tried or worked to change the outlook of The Eagle to one that would make some students here turn their heads and that would scare the shit out of them. 1 thought the Homecoming issue was the best issue we have put out (and most members of the paper would agree) and it grieves me that we will not put out another as good. I also believe that Parents' Weekend and Homecoming are full of crap, and if I had my way I would try to leave out all stories about subjects like that from the paper but unfortunately the Eagle is a campus newspaper and we have to print all the shit the students want.

l would like to improve The Eagle, making it a focal point of discussion and controversy on campus, but after reading Mr. Shaffer's article on our paper, I have decided that I would not like it to be and end up like the WFP. Mr. Shaffer'sarticle was as biassed and slanted as anything you will find in the Post or Times, the Establishment press or the Under-ground press. Your and his only defense is that you make it

damn obvious where you stand and that you do not need editorials. Still, this does not (give) you license to publish articles that are one lie after the other.

Mr. Shaffer says in his story that there was a "leftist purge" in the Eagle, about the time of the Student Publications Board meeting he mentioned. This is definitely untrue. No member of the paper was asked to leave, and Mr. Shaffer was demoted to the position of special writer from News Editor because he over-stepped his bounds and duties as News Editor. Obviously he does not realize that only one officer of a newspaper may define the editorial policy of a newspaper, in this case Miss Rona Cherry (whose job was on the line for the Homecoming issue and who sympa thizes in many cases with Mr. Shaffer!. Mr. Shaffer also failed to realize that much of the controversy over the Homecoming issue was directed toward the features section, Calendula, edited by Tom Richardson. In that issue the main subjects were protest and the meaning of the University to the students, ranging from the president of our SDS chapter to the president of the Inter-Fraternity Council. Here I would agree there was no reason to criticize the Eagle. There was nothing subversive or leftist about the section. The articles about protest were done by two liberal members of our faculty, but surely even intelligent and open-minded conservatives would not criticize these articles, or our right to protest. The only criticism was that the Eagle failed to give enough space to Homecoming Weekend.

As far as I can see, I repeat, there was no leftist purge, and if there had been, I, too, would nave found my name in that article as one who was dissatisfied with the Eagle's policies, I am stilldissatisfied with much of the policy, but I have stuck around to wait my chance to change it. As assistant features editor I will try my best to introduce provocative arti-

cles of interest to AU's education starved student body. Maybe, if I try hard enough, we might win some convert over

from conservatism. Again, may I repeat that this is not a personal criticism of Harrison, Tom, John Crouch or anybody else who has been dissatisfied with the Eagle. Right now Tom Richardson is drawing some cartoons on the table next to me and I'll probably keep ending up at Harrison's apartment each weekend or so.

Yours for peace, Evan M. Roth

## RAPIA

Mr. Roth seems to agree that the AU Establishment is a faxcist group, for he says so in his second paragraph, but he fails to realize the extent of the pressures placed upon me to resign. As a reporter, he had no position from which to view the whole picture.

Furthermore, to stay with the Eagle and help perpetuate mediocrity on the AU campus, to prostitute ones values and moderate ones views, which Mr. Roth seems to be doing, was something I could not bring myself to do.

Harrison Shaffer Ex-News Editor The Eagle

# Life in Washington



What is the District Police Force Coming to? Can't an innocent citizen walk down Wisc. Ave. WITHOUT being asked what he is doing or where he is going?

If you answer in a belligerent tone of voice they take your name and address, then warn you to get off the streets. What ever happened to the cops going after a real crim nal?

It is time for us to get together and have a mass protest against cops, a violent protest against the . methods they use on non-straights.

l am so sick and tired of saying I am going to the Little Tavern or Yonder's Wall. Where I am going when I am not breaking the law is my own business.

Let's arrange to have a meeting and see who else is having this problem.

A FUTURE CANADIAN CITIZEN

## SON FILTH SHEET

Dear WFP,

This letter is written to defend your paper and a small grocery store whose income comes greatly from students who visit the store during their lunch period.

In the December 31, 1967, edition under the topic of FREE PRESS LETTERS, there is a letter written by an "anonymous" writer from West Hyattsville, Maryland. The letter tells of a small grocery store near Montgomery Blair High School which the writer states as selling a so called filth sheet (supposedly referring to your paper.) The store in question is called Ertters Market which is located on the corner of Dale Dr. & Schyler Ave. about 100 yards from the school.

The statement about both the store and your paper is entirely false! When I talked to Mr. Ertter about the Press he said he hadn't ever heard of the paper before. He also said that he didn't appreciate being stated as selling the FREE Press.

Your paper may not help. build a better citizen but it does have some very interesting articles in it about police brutality, hippies, the Viet Nam war, etc. The Free Press gives us students the facts about such things which other large city papers beat around the bush about.

Yours truly, Tom Young Sophmore, Montgomery Blair

High School

(Ed. note: We would guess that someone was selling the FREE PRESS in front of the grocery store, and our anonymous correspondent took it to be the store itself that was selling the paper.)

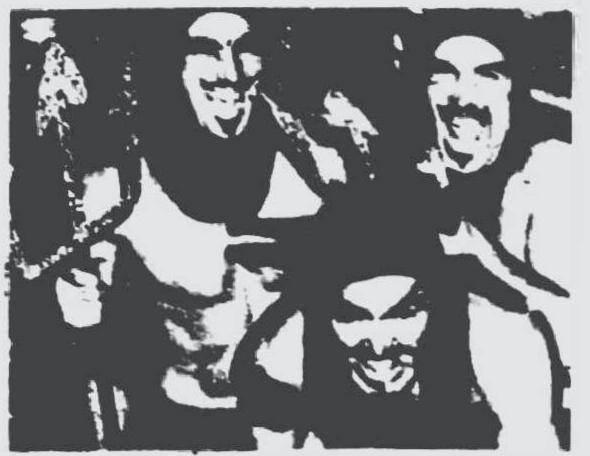
# Student on

DEAR EDITOR:

I would just like to state that Bruce Moseley's letter in the November 23 issue in no way typifies the attitude towards Vietnam here at school. My own personal feelings are that I wish we would hurry up and get the damn thing over with. But I don't think that withdrawing from Vietnam is the solution, either. My main objection to the present war policy is that we are making no attempts to win the war. According to Secretary of State Rosk, we are

merely trying to bring the NLF to the conference table. As a result, we are not supplying our troops with the proper equipment, and are limiting them in extent to which they may take offensive action.

As for the bull about "recivilizing" U.S. soldiers before they return to the states, I happen to think that Bruce's Marine was playing him for a fool. It is a well-known fact that "war is hell", and thus unrealistic to assume that an y sane man could enjoy killing a fellow man. You shoot the other guy so he doesn't get you. There are very few "misguided superpatriots" fighting in Vietnam. The bulk of the soldiers there realize their obligation to their country, want to fulfill it, and then return home. As to the killing of civilians, it is unfortunate but true that innocent civilians have suffered during wars throughout history.



Bruce seems to think that anyone who doesn't advocate immediate and unconditional withdrawal from Vietnam isn't a deep thinker like himself. I certainly don't believe everything the government tells me. But regardless of the quality of the existing government, the basic system upon which our country operates dictates to me what I should do and what I shouldn't. I am free to interpret the various laws as I see

Perhaps entering into the Vietnamese conflict was wrong. But we now have so much at stake there, and the Viet-Congterrorized villagers rely on us so heavily, that it would be a breach of faith and act of submission if we withdrew.

> Campbell Strong St. Andrew's School



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# FREE PRESS ADS BRING RESULTS = FAST

The police (of all genre) would like to be respected. We're told that the absence of such respect is one of the contributing factors to the rising crime rate.

The public would like to respect the police. Those of the public who are not constantly harassed by the police for no good reason, have no problem in giving this respect and wonder what all the hassle is about. The others wish that the police would act in a manner befitting such respect.

It was with this wish in mind that I.D. Kuch. Chief Boo-hoo

that J. D. Kuch, Chief Boo-hoo (priest) of the Neo-American Church in Washington, placed an announcement in the Christmas issue of the Free Press. The announcement read:

At Christmas time, an open prayer for Donald S. Smith and David Paul: May the Good Lord bless you and teach you love, Christian Charity and humility.

J. D. Kuch

Donald Smith is with the U.S. District Attorney's office. Detective Sergeant David Paul is with the Narcotics Squad of the Metropolitan Police Dept. Mrs. Nuch has had previous jolly encounters with both.

Perhaps one would have to be naive to expect such a request to have any significant effect on But one would have to be very cynical indeed to expect it to have the effect that it did.

On Christmas Eve, David Paul and about a dozen other law-enforcement officers entered J. D. 's home and arrested her and seven others for possession of various drugs. According to one of those present, Det. Paul, upon entering, said, smirkingly, "Saw your message to me in the Free Press." Subsequent remarks by Paul made it plain to those present that he had come because of the message.

The law-enforcement officers overturned drawer after drawer and emptied out closets, trampaling on clothing as they went. They broke expensive crystal, took church records and J. D. 's personal address book and drank beer and ate during their 3 1/2 hour visit.

In addition, according to the same eye-witness. Det. Paul took \$30 cash from J. D. 's pocketbook and another \$100 is missing from the house.

She has not seen any of the money since and no formal acknowledgement of the money's existence has come from the authorities.

It is rumored that next Christmas Eve, Det. Paul plans to arrest his mother. by Bill Blum



J. D. busy at church work.

# TOP NARK EXPOSED AS HAIGHT DEALER

(During October, 1967, the Washington Post ran a series of articles by Nicholas von Hoffman dealing with the hippie-drug scene in the Haight-Ashbury section of San Francisco. Some of the series appeared simultaneously in the San Francisco Chronicle.

The following article is reprinted from The Berkeley Barb, an underground newspaper in Berkeley, California.)

"The next morning the cops raided the place. Steve and Hutch were busted... Papa Al and the chemist got clean away."

This is an excerpt from
Nicholas von Hoffman's "Inside
the Acid Factory", one of the
half dozen ludicrous Chronicle
installments which appeared in
late October in a series entitled
"SF Dope Scene."

In the article Papa Al was a prospective acid purchaser and von Hoffman Just happened to be present, doing research for his series. The unidentified chemist may have gotten clean away, but in the light of exclusive BARB information Papa Al didn't.

Papa Al is a nark.

And Nickie von Hoffman may not be far behind.

According to a letter received this week from the east coast,' Papa Al is high in the narcotics hierarchy - he is a supervisor.

Papa Al Graham testified in March of 1965 at a federal hearing in Hartford, Connecticut in which the defendants were charged with violations of narcotics laws, the writer relates.

"I find it fascinating that Papa Al is now a dealer in San Francisco," reads the letter. "At the time of the above trial he was employed by the Food and Drug Administration as an investigator.

"Early this April, at an appeals hearing for my ex-

roommate (now a guest of the government at Lexington, Ky.) the federal prosecutor said, in passing, that Graham had been pro moted to supervisor, transferred to the F. D. A. Bureau of Drug Abuse Control and was no longer in this part of the country.

"Your San Francisco readers might be interested to know they have a tiger in their midst."

Graham may be a tiger but von Hoffman appears to have a few yellow streaks of his own.

On October 18, page A9, the Washington Post, of which von Hoffman is a regular staff member, ran the "acid factory" story. With a picture of Papa A1.

The fact that the picture did not also appear in the Chronicle story is now understandable.

The fact that the picture did run in the Post allows for some pretty clear flashes.

It isn't often that a person's full-face picture appears in a megalopolitan newspaper along side a story that labels him "acid dealer". And if Papa Al was really an identified acid dealer he would almost assuredly be behind bars right now. It seems most likely won Hoffman knew that Graham was a nark when they first entered the house together.

Another point, the photo in the Post was not by von Hoffman but by Elaine Mayes. Quite accomodating for a "dealer," isn't

According to Hutch, one of those arrested, Graham visited the Clayton Street pad less than an hour before the morning bust, checking on his "deal".

"He said he was going out to make a phone call and he'd be back in five or ten minutes," Hutch related. "In the time it took for me to take about a twenty minute walk, return to the pad and be busted, and an hour that I sat there while the cops searched the house, Papa Al never returned."

Hutch told BARB that Graham had been to the house the night before to set up the "deal". According to von Hoffman's story, which seems amazingly factual in this case, Graham placed a call to J.D. Kuch in Washington.

Graham left the house about I a.m. after being assured that his merchandise would be there in the morning when his friends flew out from DC.

Eight hours is more than ample time to have warrants is sued, and it is presumed by the defendants that Graham was doing precisely that. The short morning visit would have of course been to insure that something was in the house.

"When the cops came in they went straight to where the stuff

was," BARB was told. "They knew exactly where to look."

The way von Hoffman writes it, Papa Al was mighty eager to make sure acid would be there at the time the bust just happened to take place.

"Some people left but Papa Al Stayed to negotiate," von Hoffman Wrote of the prelude to the raid. "Can Steve get him acid? How much? Two thousand a gram? Guaranteed righteous stuff, Steve assured him, adding that he was barely making any profit himself. Al said it sounded pretty good; could the cop be made tomorrow?"

A real funnyman.

"Now look, this has gotta be sure," von Hoffman quotes Papa Al, "these people will be coming all the way out from Washington,

d.c.... yea, I'll get them here tomorrow if you can definitely hold the acid.

"The next day the cops raided the place," relates von Hoffman.
"Teddy bear, Papa Al and the chemist got clean away."

But one source told BARB that von Hoffman and Papa Al Graham got their fingers sticky in the felonious hanky-panky. "We got von Hoffman so stoned that he could hardly stand up," he said.

A careful reading of von Hoff-man's own words. The scene includes all the chief characters in the drama, including the Post's writer and father-figure Al the nark.

"The men were holding out their acid covered fingers and saying Cont'd. on Page 12

# GI'S FORM UNION

New York, Dec. 23 - Members from different branches of the Armed Forces met here today to plan further action of the union they have formed among lower ranking enlisted men. Organized in November, it is known as the American Serviceman's Union.

"The Union", said one spokesman who wished to remain anonymous, "proposes to abolish the inequalities and injustices so prevalent in the armed forces today."

Included among the demands of the union representatives are freedom of political belief and the right of association; enlisted men's control of courts-martial and field-boards and proceedings; and an end to racial discrimination in job training, assign-

"The lower ranking enlisted man has absolutely no rights in the military," another spokes-man added. "He cannot choose between trial by jury or judge, or open or closed proceedings; he cannot bring charges against an officer without another se-

nior officer's consent; and he has no recourse if he refuses to obey an illegal order."

According to the spokesmen, the union will defend all who disobey an order to serve in Vietnam. It has the support of the Committee for G.I. Rights sponsored by such diverse personalities as H. Rap Brown and General Hugh B. Hester (ret.).

Other demands of the union are the right to collective bargaining; the release of GI'a classified as political prisoners because of their views on the Vietnam conflict, and the abolition of violence and intimidation as means of eliciting information and forcing obedience.

For the field-board hearing of Pvt. Andrew Stapp of Fort Sill, acheduled for January 9, the union has called for civilian demonstrations across the country on January 8 to protest the proceedings. The demonstrations, planned to coincide with Pvt. Stapp's trial, will take place in at least six major cities the spokesman said.

Pvt. Stapp, who faced courtsmartial on two prior occasions, is charged with sympathetic

association with several political groups. Current "charges against him have been pigeon-holed since August, but were renewed with the formation of the union.

The union spokesman noted that a new pamphlet, "The GI's Handbook On Military Injustice," by F. O. Richardson, is an accurate reflection of their position. (Mr. Richardson, an outspoken opponent of the war in Vietnam, was honored with the Bronze Star for his role in the first pathfinder team to land in Normandy during World War II.)

A precedent for the American Serviceman's Union is the one formed in the Bundeswehr of West Germany, where the men belong to trade unions. There, shop stewards have as much power as senior officers and have all the rights to complain to a specially-appointed outliness and their superiors. The German union has been in existence for 10 years.

# You are about to become involved with Van Dyke Parks!



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ESCHEW OBFUSCATION

In September, 1966, 1 was a graduating senior at the City College of New York. I don't know why the freshmen were so beautiful then - unless there is some truth to the doctrine that the human race always progresses upward. I haven't been back to the campus since January, 1967, but judging from what I read in the newspapers, the spirit of that entering class has borne fruit. President Buell Gallagher has lost some of his famed liberal cool in resorting to police to subdue the demands of students for a modicum of beauty and justice in their school environment.

l was astounded by the precociousness of those seventeen and eighteen year olds. They knew something about politics and economics immediately. They knew, or sensed, that the system was a flea-eaten carcass of its former self. Many of them were ready immediately to plunge into political activism. Others, more cautious about politics, felt life should be a joyous experiment and were ready to laugh at or foil whatever institutional force attempted to push them into a rigid mold.

Towards the end of the term, I began to notice that these beautiful kids, full of energy, confidence and excitement in September, were becoming pale, pimply, depressed, and nervous. I began to avoid them in the cafeteria or at SDS meetings because they continually asked me, "How did you ever live through four years of this?"

"This" for those of you who have never attended a big factory college is: over two years of intensively inane surfaceskimming; an art course which covers all of western art in six months; a biology lecture shared with five hundred others; freshmen compositions of "How I Spent My Summer". There is no choice. You must take the art course, write the composition, memorize the distant voice of the lecturer. They're requirements. It doesn't matter if you already know what the course is teaching or have absolutely no interest in, say, Gothic cathedrals. You must diffuse your energy memorizing 120 slides from the caves of Las caux to Picasso. The university's ostensible objective is the creation of "well-rounded" citizens. The actual outcome of such educational system, however, is insecure dilettantes at best, apathetic bureaucrats at worst.

Many freshmen come to college eager to learn. Perhaps in high school they were reading William Burroughs when their English class was studying Edna Ferber. Perhaps they went along with Edna but longed for more substances. If they complained to a sympathetic guidance counselor they were probably told, "Wait until you get into college. Then you'll really learn something." So the trusting high school student waited.

He comes to CCNY or NYU or Miami U. seeking knowledge. He has some idea about what he's

specifically interested in; what he'd like to study in depth. But no one in the university complex asks him about this. The university wants to process him neatly into predetermined requirements; into classrooms where he can learn quickly enough that intellectual excitement is a myth he mistakenly

after all, is only a matter of scoring a C on a certain number of examinations. If this thoroughly frustrated freshman complains to a sympathetic guidance counselor he will probably be told, "Wait until your junior year. After your requirements are over, you'll really learn something."

The freshman student at a large multiversity takes on many of the characteristics of the deprived slum child. He isn't getting what he wants and needs most. There is no way he can effectively make his needs known. Huge but intangible walls hem him in on all sides. He gets cynical quickly. And, like many deprived children, he wants to drop out of the insane, inane, and frustrating environment which is crushing his sparks of vital life.

But the freshman is also, usually, from a middle class background. He may want to drop out. He may hang on his wall the now famous dictum of Timothy Leary, "Tune in, Turn on, Drop out." But it's not so easy to do. His life up to this point, has been structured around his plans to learn, graduate and enter a career. Even if he has radical tendencies, he has still thought of his life, generally, in the terms his parents laid down.

Confronted by the disappointment of college, he begins to
re-evaluate more intensively
his parents structures. But
still, it is very difficult for a
middle class young man or woman to make the break. What,
he wonders, will become of
him? Where will he go? Who
will support him? Can he support himself without a degree?
What will be the meaning of his
life if he rejects the university's
strictures and structures?

If the student is a young man, he faces the loss of his II-S draft deferment. This alone is

keeping half of the young men 1. know inside the university as undergraduate or graduate students. But more and more draft-age men are saying, "Hell no, I won't go" to General Hershey and his crew. There are many ways, both legal and illegal, to avoid conscription. So let's assume a young man or young woman wants to drop out of school. The problems he or she faces are confusing, conflicting - sometimes overwhelming. It's time these students were given some help.

Many potential dropouts feel that if they leave college without a degree they have failed in some way. They say, "If the game is so cheap and stupid, I should be cunning enough and strong enough to play it and win." In one sense this may be true. Understanding that the multiversity system is hollow should make it easier to pass exams and sit through

boring courses in unlimited numbers without worrying about grades; knowing that what you are doing has little to do with education.

But, brothers and sisters, this is the exuberant sixties - not the wily, introverted fifties! The goal is "to be fruitful and multiply". The middle class sensibility which calls dropping out "Failure" has always put lables and titles like "college graduate" above the goal of living as a dynamic, passionate

human being. Students should come to realize that playing the academic game, even with cunning and cool, is a barren bore. A debillitating trap. Dropping out of this game could be the most "successful" move a young person makes if he drops into a richer, broader life.

In the twelve-months that I have been liberated from academia my thoughts on how to help others get off the campus have come to this:

It would be exceedingly worthwhile for students and for the movement to have more workers outside the campus - for a term, a year, forever. Radical campus politiking is only a beginning, a moderately good training ground for radical citizens. The more students who become exstudents, the more students who carry community organizing into wider areas (the docile middle class which is very gradually having its sons taken from it into the army, for instance), the more of them who find new ways of reaching communities larger than the campuses, the faster the movement for change in this country will grow.

There are many organizing projects around the country - ranging from community organizing to radical theater, craft cooperatives, underground newspapers, etc. -- which are open to new staff and project people. If these organizations could offer, say, room and board, as well as a chance to participate in meaningful, personally relevant radical work, the plight of the potential school dropout would

would no longer be faced with knowing he must leave an intolerable situation without a creative alternative; instead, he would be able to make a positive step at the same time as he negates his university life. I know that when I dropped out after my sophomore year if someone had told me there was something definite I could do, something that wasn't selling hats at Macy's, I would probably have followed that person and never returned to the campus. I know there are others with the same feeling.

Working out of the New York SDS office (and after February from the West Coast as well) we are compiling a list of projects which can offer work to interested potential dropouts. Students who face the problem of dropping out can then write to ua, or to any one of a network of regional project coordinators; based on the atudent's interests, background, etc., we will be able to supply

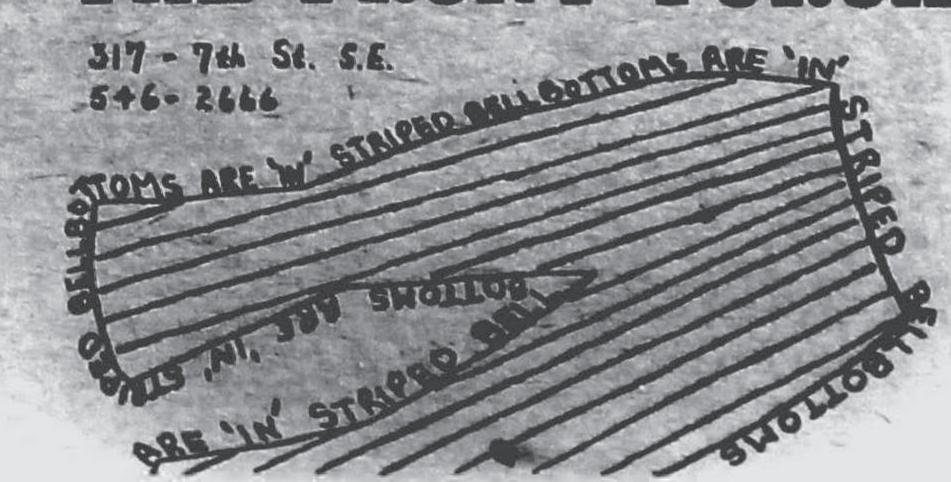
him with a list of projects he might be interested in working with. If many people want to do something similar and there is no existing group which meets their needs, we will also be able to put them in contact with each other and help them set up a project of their own.

The aim is to help students find and do their thing outside the system, to help them liberate themselves from the university/degree/career syndrome, to give them an opportunity to participate fully in any kind of radical activity. If you are a student currently hassling dropping out, or if you are connected with a project that might be a possible addition to our organization list, contact:

Michele Clark or
Jonathan Lerner
Students for a Democratic
Society
41 Union Square West

41 Union Square West Room 436 New York, New York 10003





## Revlon

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In addition to Viet Cong "invaders", the Johnson administration faces two major problems in Viet Nam; decreasing morale and inflation. The morale problem, that of thousands of soldiers questioning why they must kill and risk death, can only be solved by propaganda since the potential for dissent in the military is too large to be cured through individual court martials.

The rampant inflation in South Viet Nam can be prevented only if the half-million plus Americans forced to be there keep their money out of the local economy. The simplest cure for the inflation is to stop paying the soldiers, and no doubt this has been considered, but it is unfeasible in that it would exacerbate the

morale problem.

The answer to both the problems is television. Here in America. TV has successfully discouraged much potential dissent and discontent by pushing an image of the "good American" as one who is bland, unquestioning, and righteous in his devotion to established values. The same could be done in Viet Nam for discontented soldiers. TV could sell an unquestioning, obedient way of life to potential malcontents and thus preserve morale. And, of corse. TV could sell American products to a captive, increasingly large American market in Viet Nam. This would combat Vietnamese inflation.

Thus, this reporter urges the Johnson administration to seriously consider installing an American television network in South Viet Nam. This urgently needed project could be easily financed by transferring money from the wasteful War on Poverty which certainly has more than it needs. If constructed, this network would not only direct our soldiers how to think, feel, and buy, but it would also channel their money to those who need and deserve it most, American businessmen.

The scene below suggests a possible advertising campaign for an American TV network in Viet Nam. The action takes place in a jungle clearing. A Green Beret, Horst, in treating his fellow jungle fighter, Cecil, for a bloody nose which he incurred after tripping over a dead peasant.

Cecil: Awww God damn it all!

Horst: Does your nose still hurt, buddy?

Cecil: Awww God damn it all! Horst: Does your nose still hurt, buddy?

- No, I'm OK. But Jesus, Horst, what am I going to do about these stains? I'll never be able to clean them out. It's so embarrassing to hang out dirty laundry at camp. I can't stand the mocking sneers I'll get when the boys see these stains, and it's only my blood.
- You mean youhaven' theard about Gore-Gone, the new magic

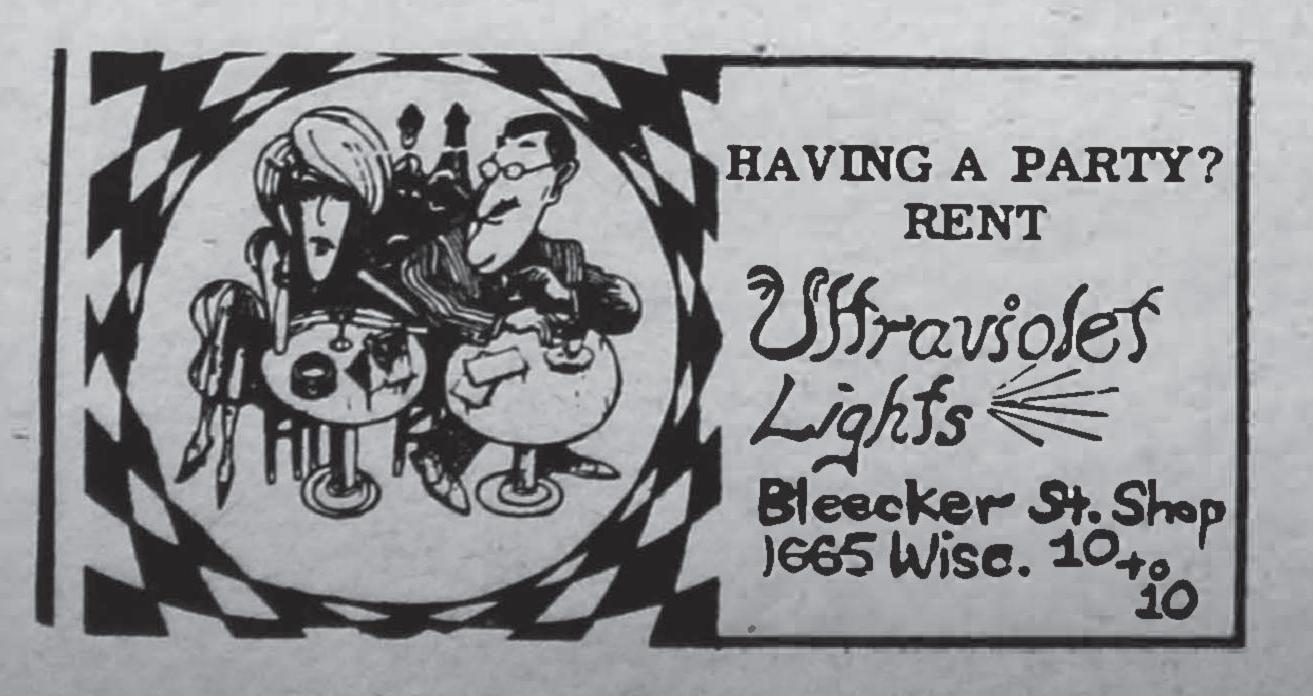
whitener? No. I've always used this Vietnamese stuff.

- Silly boy, that's no soap for a quick killing, hard bleeding G.I. I always use Procter & Gamble's Gore-Gone. You know, when we entered this struggle for freedom, those thoughtful folks at Procter & Gamble set out to make a soap. for the soldier with a problem just like yours. Their researchers developed the wonder additive LL27.
- Yeah, Leech Lips. The LL27 in Gore-Gone sucks out all the gritty hemoglobin and hard-to-remove fibrinogen in your fighting togs.
- Wonderful! I'll get some as soon as I can. ( Horst turns around and vomits in the bushes. )
- Say, Horst, I see your tummy hasn't gotten used to our jungle survival diet yet. One can't gulp down that monkey meat-

## Moon Drops 'Blushing Silk'

Without another blessed thing on your skin but this not-quite-makeup makeup (a miracle merger of moisture-and-color), you'll look so rosied and rested and fresh-faced and young—it's like stealing beauty secrets from a baby!





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# baby face.

like you do and expect not to get sick.

H: No, pal, it's not monkey meat that upsets my stomach. I've only eaten beetles and dead lizards for the last week.

Why is that?

It's really strange. I can't catch those monkeys like I used to. Nowadays they run away no matter how stealthily I sneak up. Geeez, you'd think I had bad breath!

C: Ha ha! There's no need to worry 'bout bad breath any more. Just gargle a little Listerine Antiseptic. Listerine kills germs on contact, gets rid of bacteria which cause bad breath. And why don't you pour some on that bunch of Viet Cong ears you've been collecting? They smell awful.

Gee. Cecil, you have some right here?

Of corse. I'm never without it. You see, those swell folks at Warner-Lambert have put Listerine in a little bullet proof spray bottle for the G.1. out in the field. After all, just because we're out here fighting for democracy and the right to selfdetermination is no excuse for bad breath. Here, try some.

H: Hey, my mouth feels clean and fresh already. I'll bet I can catch a whole barrelful of monkeys tonight, ha ha.

(As Horst returns the bottle, Cecil looks intently at his hands and then at his own.)

C: Tell me, Horst. How do you keep your hands so smooth? Mine get all rough and raw from garroting guerrillas all day long.

That's simple, pal. I use Satin-Strangle.

Satin-Strangle, what's that?

Satin-Strangle is the new, smooth garroting cord. When you're out breaking Charley's neck and windpipe all day long, you've got to use the smoothest cord available. Cur hard working hands deserve nothing less. Believe me, once you-'ve discovered Satin-Strangle, you'll never use those harsh. irritating piano wires again.

C: Sounds great. Is it expensive?

H: Not at all. Why for just \$5,00 you can get three Satin-Strangle garroting cords, each guaranteed to break 50 adult necks. They're worth more, of course but those wonderful folks at the Lone Star Armaments Co: don't want to profit from the needs of our fighting men.

C: Gee, it's sure great to know that a big company like that still thinks of our welfare.

(Cut to night scene. Horst finishes his dinner and turns to Cecil, who hasn't touched his food.)

H: What's the matter, pal?

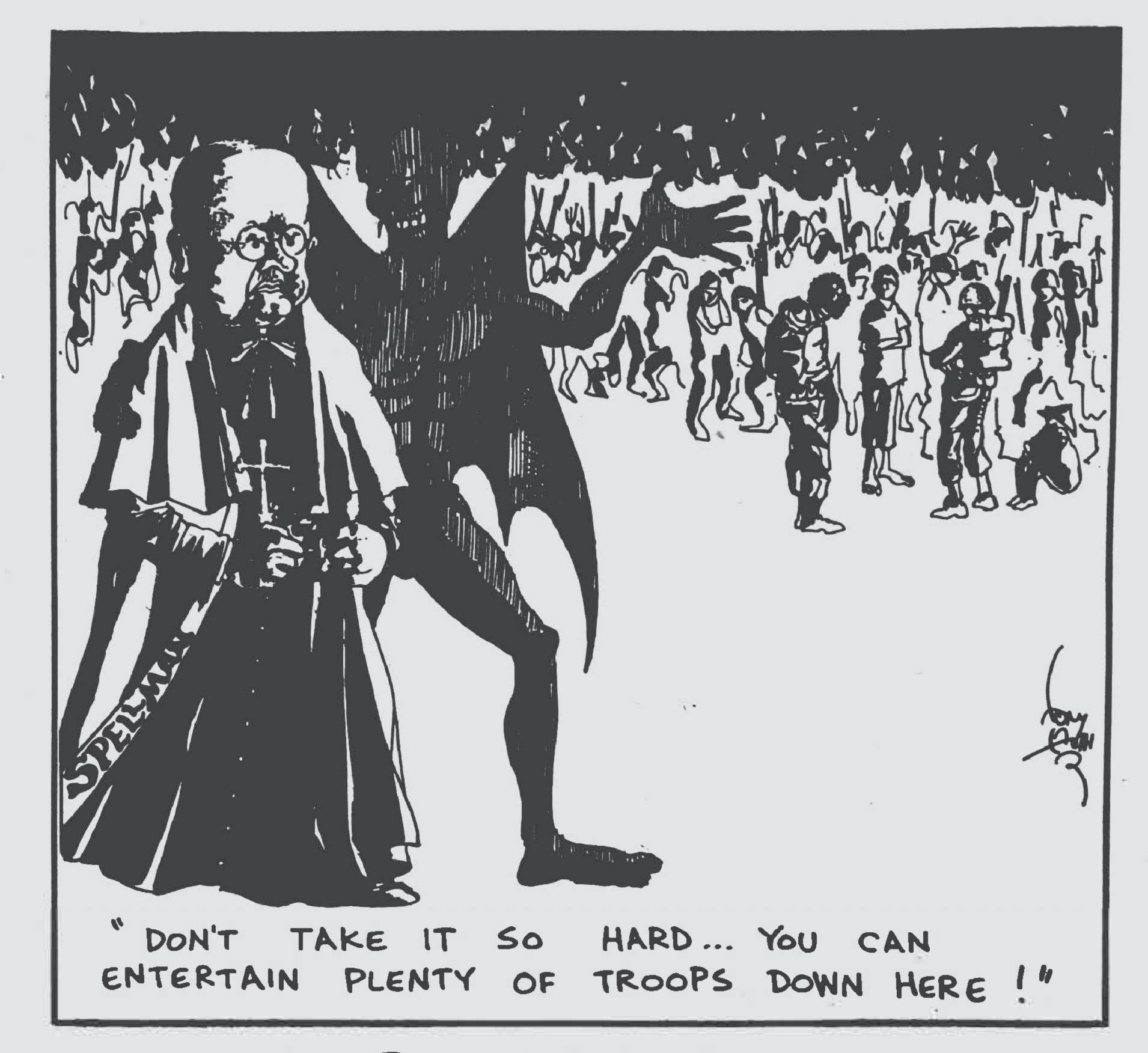
C: Awww, all this hard work and bad food have gotten me down. Sometimes I wonder if this war is really worth all the trouble.

H: Sure, I understand. You need a little morale booster. Why don't I call in an airstrike on that alleged farming village across the valley. That should lift your spirits.

C: You must be right. Why even General Westmoreland said that bombing builds our morale while it crushes that of the enemy. Hell, I don't mind the danger, the low pay, or the hardships, but I sure get depressed when the bombing slacks off. After all, when you're out of blitz, you're out of cheer.

By Andy Bohem





# REPORTER-AT-SMAIL

"Reds, Some Possibly on Drug, Take Heavy Losses in Attack" blared the page one headline of the Dec. Il Washington Post.

The lead paragraph of the story said that "some of the attackers apparently had been taking heroin. according to the reports from the battlefield. "

On the sixth page of a Sunday sub-section (Wash. Post, Dec. 17) buried at the end of a story, was: "In checking out reports that Communist troops who mounted a suicide attack on a U.S. 1st Infantry Division position Dec. 10 were carrying packets of heroin, divi-sionofficers found that the packets did not contain heroin or any drugs of that nature. " .

But in the minds of the reader who had the page one story pushed into his consciousness but did not catch the buried item, and who likes to associate drugs with "Com-toys and go home? mies", the original impression will strongly remain.

A few weeks ago, Asst. Secretary of Defense for Public Affair in Vietnam, the full spectrum of Phil Goulding said that "The very suggestion that the Government could conspire to withhold the news from people and that the news media are so replete with irrespon. sibility that the people wuld be misled by a conbination of deliberate Government distortion and second-rate reportorial effort, is ludicrous," (Wash. Post, Dec. 19)

Mr. Goulding's predecessor as Defense Dept. Public Affairs Chief go home? Arthur Sylvester, should have gotten a few laughs from that statement.

At a July, 1965 press conference in Saigon, Sylvester said to the gathered American correspondents, Look, if you think any American official is going to tell you the truth then you're stupid. Did you hear that? Stupid." (Congressional Record, May 12, 1966, p9978;

It seems like every other week we read about Bobby Kennedy calling upon the business world to help fight poverty.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

Is the Senator suffering from guilt feelings because of the ways in which his father acquired the family wealth? Or is it just the result of some sort of inner death struggle wherein his conditioned be. own property. lief in free-enterprise is fighting serious doubts about its remaining stitution came, "shippers, merrelevancy?

If it's guilt feelings, Bobby-baby has some company. At a recent symposium of the Committee for Economic Development, a senior Vice-president of the North Carolina National Bank criticized industry for creating many of today's ghetto areas. "It is axiomatic that private enterprise started the whole excess of democracy. " mess in the first place," he said. (Wash. Post, Nov. 17, 1967) \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

Droppings from the Lyndon bird: When the President was ready to leave a military base that he had been visiting recently, he approach- no other way." ed a waiting helicopter.

"Mr. President," a colonel said, "This is not your helicopter. Your helicopter is over there."

"Son," the President replied, "They're all my helicopters."

You think maybe if we made him angry enough he'd pick up all his

According to military spokesmen, military radio and TV stations are presenting to American soldiers opinion on the war.

A spokesman for the Armed Forces Radio and TV Service said that they "give our men both sides of the issue and let them make up their own minds." (Wash Post, Dec. 17, 1967)

Pray tell, dear spokesman, what does a soldier do when he's beard both sides of the war issue and has made up his mind that he wants to

When Marxists claim that American law, like law in all Capitalist countries, is designed for the benefit of the propertied classes and their property, they're passed off as dogmatic kooks.

An interesting commentary on this question was provided last week by Professor Benjamin B. Seligman of the University of Massachusetts. Speaking in Washington on December 27 before a seminar of the Association of Evolutionary Exonomics, he observed that the founding fathers of the United States were practical businessman who were not above putting personal profit first during the Revolution and who devised a Constitution designed primarily to protect their

Seligman said that when the Conchants, aristocrats, and their law-

yers could write a document that would establish a strong central government, one in which the rights of the lower orders of society were not terribly important ... The common man did not count, for he was a creature of passion and all evils could be traced to an

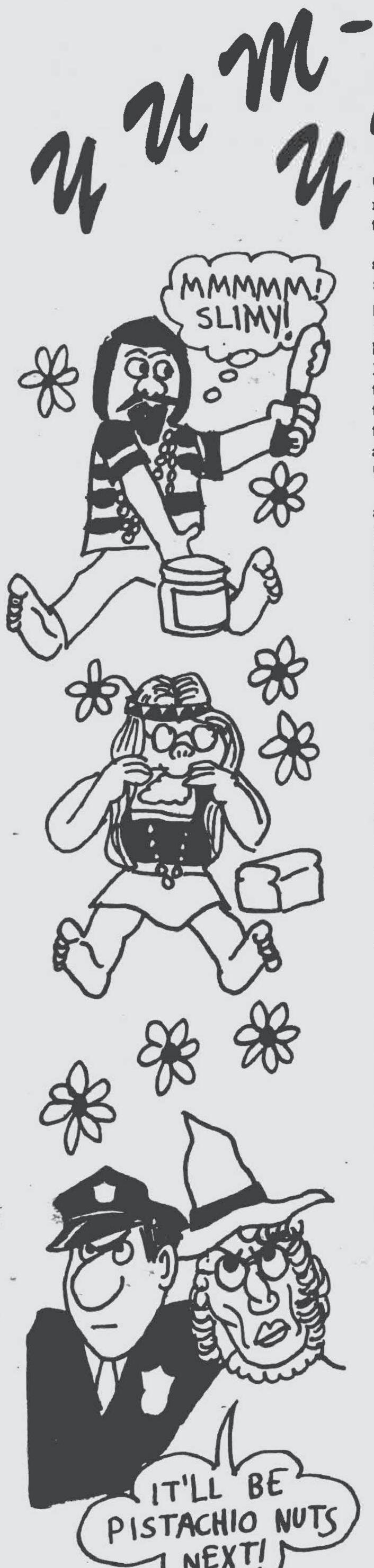
"In the final analysis," Seligman concluded, "The Constitution was a document that protected property in its various guises -- securities, goods and slaves. And perhaps events could be shaped in

True Believer of the Week: Rep. Joel T. Brayhill (R-Va.) doesn't like the fact that the Defense Dept. has been taking action to desegregate housing in the Pentagon area (Broyhill's district). Says the Congressman, "If left alone, the community and the property owners would have worked this out."

Have you ever wondered why the establishment news media so often refer to anti-war demonstrators as pacifists when so few of them really are pacifists?

We suggest that it's the easy way out for their consciences. Whether done consciously or unconsciously, when they affix the label "pacifist" they're saying, in effect, that it really isn't the war in Vietnam that the demonstrators are against, its all wars. Thus they, and their audience, don't have to think about what the United States is doing in Vietnamthey only have to ponder the abstraction "war", a much more comfortable subject. The fact is that most of the demonstrators would gladly fight for a just cause. Unfortunately, our cause in Vietnam doesn't quite fit that description. Bill Blum

GENERAL MARSBARS was unable to do his column on "Advice to the Draft Resister" this issue: he was drafted last week!



ALEXANDRIA
FOLK - LORE
CENTER

Lots of used Martins
in Stock. Martin au-

thorized repair shop.

Used instruments

323 Cameron St.,

ALEXANDRIA

WPI

re: Bureau of Peanut Butter Control

Government officials are in a stir here in Washington. Amid mounting reports of the abuse of peanut-butter throughout the country, the heads of FDA and HEW have met with the President and leading Congressmen to attempt to rush through a bill rigidly controlling the production, distribution and use of peanut-butter, or as it is coming to be known to the Underground, "big yellow."

Bearded youths in sandals have appeared on the street recently, boasting, with speech made thick from satiation with "big yellow" that they had just caten up to three bottles at one sitting. All over Dupont Circle are chalkings saying "Hippie = Skippy". Timothy Leary is reputed to have changed his motto to "tune in, turn on, spread it thick!"

Government Narcotic agents have tried to keep track of any person buying more than one jar at a time, but the problem is immense. They have often turned instead to checking out shifty looking people buying grape jelly, as this is often used in combination with "big yellow" to increase the effect.

The sweet smell of grass is no longer wafted through the Circle and the pads - the people are turning up with sticky fingers and slabs of bread in their pockets. A raid last night at a "big yellow blast" found dozens of youths gulping down Skippy, some even using cherry preserves to help it "blow their palates" - hi fi's blasted the Peanut Butter Conspiracy's latest hit - "It sticks to your teeth" - half dressed girls fled in abandon, scattering empty jars, to and fro.

What can the Government do about this? J. Edgar Hoover says that some of the "big yellow" is coming from Russia and represents a plot to undermine American youth. He calls on mothers everywhere to turn in their sons and daughters who are guilty of these heinous acts. "Better dead than spread" is his motto. The Attorney General has incarcerated the Peanut Butter Conspiracy and others in one of the concentration camps authorized by the McCarren Act.:

Where will it all end? The FDA Commissioner says "it's epidemic - don't these kids know what that stuff does to your tongue?"

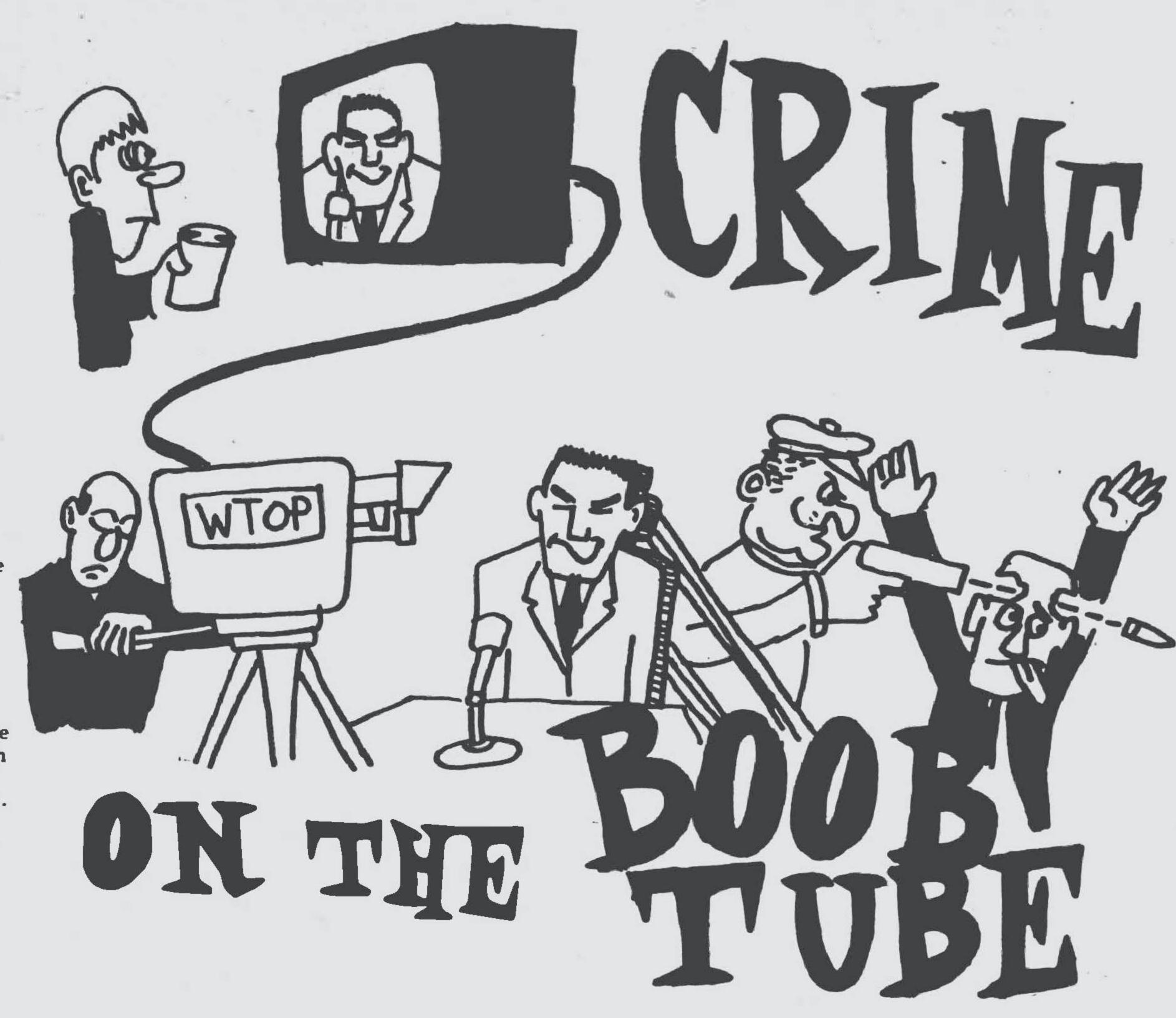
The kids say "yeah man,like spread it, baby, spread it on thick."

# Dispenseria of Joy Dispensed

In Washington a crash pad opened and closed rather quickly.
Its purpose was to provide food and shelter to homeless people around Washington. They called the pad Pablo's Dispenseria of Joy, and it was located at 2512 Q St., N. W.

While a crash pad might not seem to be a thing to worry about, this should be shown some consideration, for people like Liz Omelveny, J. D. Beck, Val Miller, and Dave Craft ran Pablo's with no reward for themselves. They ran this pad from donations.

They received a notice to vacate their apartment on Christmas Day, but they refused to leave then; they did leave the next day, though. They wanted to look for a new apartment in which to run this thing, but with no more money coming in they couldn't afford it. It seems a pity that a few people couldn't have gotten behind it and tried to help keep Pablo's going. By Bob Levine



Some time ago, I was employed by local television station WTOP as a crime reporter. The station is owned by the Washington Post and is also a CBS network affiliate.

I and three other men were hired as "news assistants;" within eight months, all four of us had either been fired or had left voluntarily.

My job as crime reporter was to cruise about the city, visiting police precincts, ghettoes, etc., looking for nice, juicy crime stories. It usually went armed with a 16-millimeter movie camera. Any efforts at collecting meaningful data on D. C. crime were always thwarted, however, both by the police and the station I worked for.

To begin with, the cops simply won't tell a reporter anything. The crime stories you read in the D.C. papers are simply rehashes of police blotter data which the reporters pick up from a desk sergeant a few hours before the paper goes to press. "At the scene" reporting is rare, since the fuzz won't let you talk to suspects and they won't give any info themselves. They will say something like, "Read about it in the papers," and then flash a nightstick or revolver your way. To compound this deplorable state of affairs, D. C. crime reporters seldom leave the press room at police headquarters. They apparently aren't interested in doing "on the scene" reporting, anyway.

On some occasions, cops actually put their hands over reporters' cameras. I managed once to obtain a beautiful filmed sequence of a cop advancing toward my camera, then enclosing his palm over the entire lens, but WTOP never used it --- which brings up another point.

Crime news at the station was, I am convinced, deliberately censored. Each day I would bring in my camera with film of a robbery or some such event, and each day it would fail to appear on the six o'clock news. I spoke to my immediate superior about this a number of times and he always replied that he wished he could do something about it, but the problem was in other hands.

The other hands were, of course, the management, and the management was ... Well, about this time LBJ was bragging about how he was "cleaning up" D. C., fighting poverty here, beautifying the place. No self-respecting, liberal, Democratic TV station, therefore, would dare show, night after night, seamy crime stories involving Negroes set against the squalid Washington ghettoes.

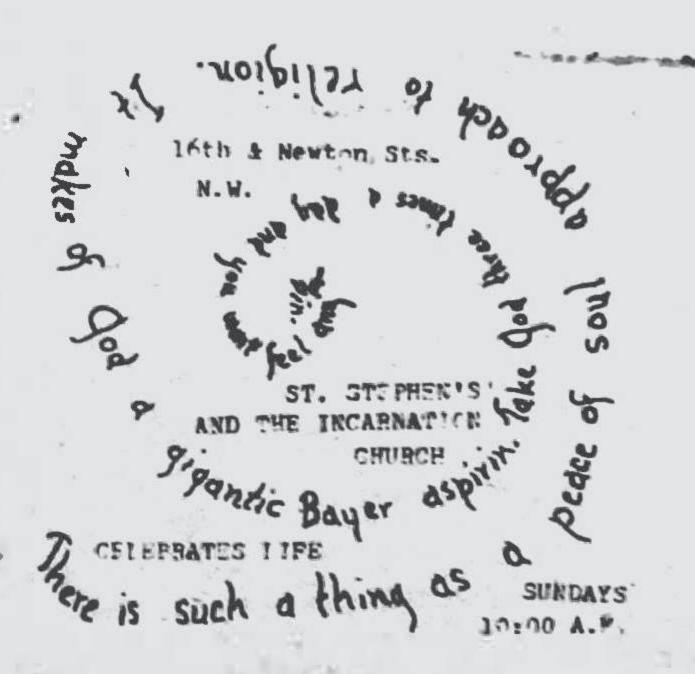
Likewise, films of SNCC activities and block parties, all of which I had taken, didn't make it. What did make it were shots of Whitney Young, Jr., talking with LBJ, or Hubert Humphrey playing basketball on U Street.

For TV viewers who still didn't get the message, the "editorials" at the end of the newscast usually assured everyone that everything was A-OK in the Great Society.

After considerable complaining about these matters, I and a fellow employee were told to seek employment elsewhere. (I was given one week's notice and was never paid for the vacation time I had accumulated.) Within a matter of months the other news assistants had gone also.

Whether this type of thing is typical of television news reporting in general, I have no way of knowing. But the fact that such dishonesty is practiced by a station which is operated by so powerful a news organization should outrage any journalist who has the least respect for truthful news reporting.

by Roy Troxel

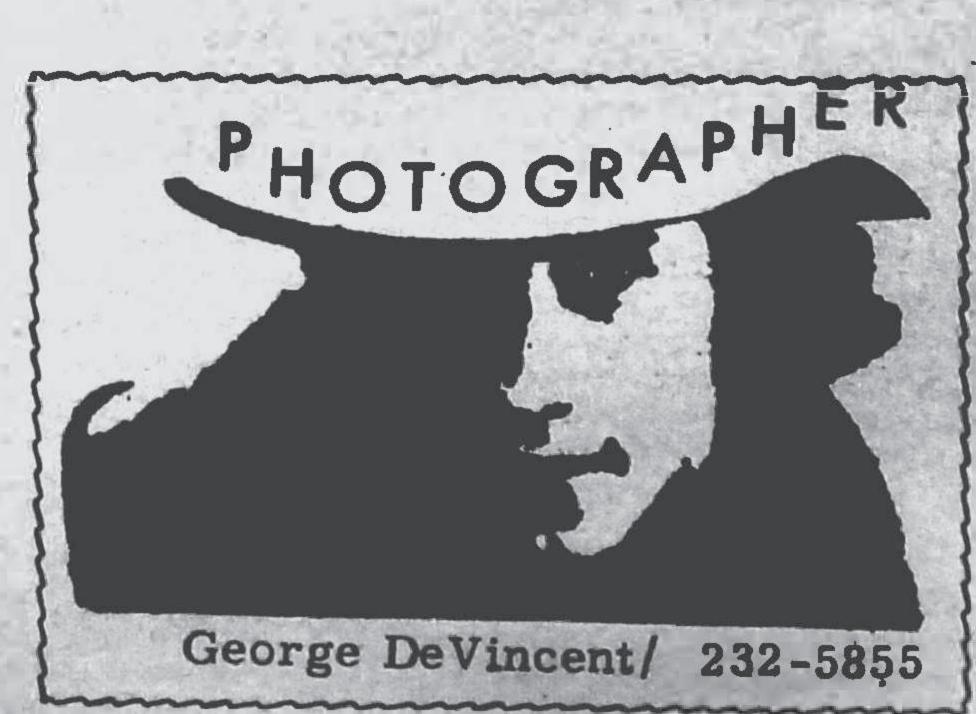


THE COGGLERS!

PLAYION has indicated the book is salacious, but in fact it is a satire on the basis for political selection; and other democratic practices. We believe Playboy unde its comment because the editors looked at a couple of pictures which show the male rump rather than the female. The book good-naturedly kids the selection of candidates for political office by suggesting that the man with the largest male member might be the best candidate. It kids the Supreme Court on these principles, as well as on the principle that what you see you must believe, and what's before you is no more important than what's behind you.

THE GOGGLERS has an underlying theme that man is a predator on other men, and when a new "King" comes along and wants to eliminate praying on the people, the people bate him for it. Only when he agrees to adopt the role of predator does he become their "beloved". Acceding to the demands of the people, he readily convinces almost that this is the right way; and he should be "King" or "God"; and timber this aggis his act a are not predatory but benevolent!

Hard Cover Novel; \$3.95; at your bookstore or Saturn Books, 257 S. Spring, Los Angeles, Calif. 90012.





# tuli HOW TO THINK kupferberg's ABOUT THE PART IL

Would you call a cop if you were robbed?

I wouldn't. First of all he might bug me -- or want to arrest me.

I once called an ambulance to take a drunk who had a scalp wound and was bleeding in front of the Mills Hotel on Bleecker St. (NYC) to the hospital.

A cop car responded only after the second call. The cop was evidently annoyed because he came out the car, saw me, and asked if I was the one who had called the police. I said yes. He immediately went up to the drunk and pointing to me said to the drunk: "Is he the one who hit you?" The drunk (out of his head) wavered around and then pointed at me -- blubbering "Yeah, yeah.. he hit me!"

My life and death flashed thru my mind in a second. The drunk dies. I have been identified as his assailant. It could have been a few unpleasant weeks, nestcepas?

Why the fuck do the cops come first anyway before our incredibly wealthy city will send an ambulance?

Many of them are illtrained in first aid. A friend of mine, an ex-army medic with Korean battlefront experience, reports this incident:

The Bowery: A man
keels over -- obvious heart
attack, gray face, small pulse,
shock. My friend loosens
clothes, raises feet until (who?)
the cops come. Cop listens
for heart beat -- he says,
"He's dead." My friend:
"He's in shock. His heart's
low -- feel his wrist -- pulse

going." Cop (gripping club):
"Get the fuck out of here."
(If men will let others die
rather than appear wrong or
"lose face" -- you can imagine what they will do if
someone (not themselves) is
involved!)

Incident 3: A gay friend of mine being bothered by Village toughs around Washington Square fountain. He calls over cop who tells kids to: "Get the hell out of here." Begins incredible questioning of friend. Name, address, occupation, what are you doing here? &c&c. Friend is happy to get away without being busted. Never calls cops again for anything.

Would you want a kid to be sent to jail for a year or two for stealing a miserable typewriter? Are you so sure in the ultimate scheme of things that you have greater need-right to it than he does? (I don't enjoy getting robbed -- but I'd enjoy sending someone to jail even less.)

How can you oppose the forces of repression and property and then use them? If you don't like a cop to break his club on a Hare Krishna chanter, do you really want him to do it over a Birchite? "But officer I'm an anti-communist!" "I don't give a fuck what kind of communist you are!" Wham.

The prisons of the state of Mississippi (all?) have the only conjugal (fucking) visiting rights in the U.S. (You have to prove legal marriage.)

Mississippi!

It's fortunate and confusing that none of us are saints, angels, or devils (not all the time anyway). How are the assignments for the pornography squad picked?

"I'm sorry Harrison -your eyes are tired? tough
shit: you've got to watch the
smut movies today."

"No you can't take
'Santa's Present' home with
you tonight. I'm having the
captain over for poker and I
promised I'd show it to him."

"I want to be on the gay squad and wear a beautiful blonde wig and latex (size 36 falsies) and darling lashes and I think I'll try my "Wagner Brown" mascara and I'm going. to try the Johns near Columbia -- you get a better type of clientele up there."

Why are the English police able to do without guns and yet England has a lower crime rate than US?

What is there in the "American character" that makes it so prone to violence?

1) frontier tradition?

2) fast-evolving sex revolution with comcomitant accelerating release of energy (and hostility)

3) frustrations of a fucked up-competitive-brain-washed society

4) scapegoat outer-orientted outlets for frustration.
Scapegoats: blacks, whites,
lews, poor, rich, cops, robbers. Notice: it doesn't really
matter too much as long as
there's somebody to hate.

Minute Quiz:

Who is more likely to kill?

l) A man who has just had a reasonably good to beau-tiful orgasm.

2) A man who has just had no sex or a horribly frustrating sex experience.

Check one.

When to call the police?

Only in life emergency.

If it seems someone will get killed or several injured if you don't. Even then it's a risk.

They used to ask your name when you called Police Dept and wouldn't send anyone till you gave it. (Still?)

Next time try this:

"Could you tell me who's calling please?

"Yes: Bartolemeo B-a-r-to-l-m-e-o Sac...
Why the fascination with the
"spy"? The spy is the father
(or parents). The crime is
sex. 007 (at least in the movies,
I havent seen the books) is
ludicrous. Zero (once), zero
(twice) and then 7:(suddenly-)
lucky. He is sexy (gets-has
the women-just like that).

But (at least in the movies) is finally and obviously ludicrous. His power is based on tricks, on impossibilities, it is ridiculous.

It is the impotent son destroying the image of the omnipotent father by carrying it to its nth degree.

Why is the policeman finally feared?

Only because of his gun.
When does a guard, a watchman, a housing, garbage,
school "protective official"
become a policeman -- an object of fear? When he has a
gun (or a club). When he
can seriously physically injure
or destroy (murder) you.

Sanda

What a base for culture!
What a tribute to civilization!

We the U.S. have the most cultured civilization of the West, i.e. -- the most

policemen!

Q. When is killing not murder?

A. When the killer's gun is issued by someone who says it isn't.

Q. But what would happen if the police had no guns?

A. Then other people (the cowards) would commit crimes.

Q. What would be the first crime that you (you coward) would commit if there were no police?

A. I wouldn't pay my rent!!

The impulse is to praise the cop-killing, to rejoice in it.
The impulse is good but the

Other ways must be found for eliminating the cop-evil, other ways must be found

for joy.

Even the executed wants to

be respected.



phone 333-9333



## by Roger Selby

(Mr. Selby is currently Curator of Education at the Corcoran Gallery of Art; he previously held the same position at the National Gallery of

In 1956, when a young English artist attempted to define Pop Art. he described it as a form which was "aimed at youth, low cost. mass produced, expendable, and big business". This is also a pertinent description of the poster, which in recent years has developed into a multi-million dollar enterprise. The poster has been a collector's item sinc e the late 19th century and was used for pub lic notices, for exhibitions, theater, commercial products and services, bullfights, military recruiting, night life and travel. How ever, during this period, poster art failed to gain the mass appreciation that it presently enjoys.

The advent of Pop Art was cer tainly an important factor in the present popularity of the poster. lts representational style of bold imagery, linear and brightly colored, was perfectly suited for rendering the Phantom, Batman, Marilyn Monroe and Elizabeth Tay lor. The "hero" or "heroine" image has subsequently been replaced by the enlarged photographs of other idols such as Dylan, Leary,

and others. Subsequently, the artists involvedin Op Art developed a pos ter which was extremely complex in color and pattern, resulting in a visually disturbing design. This in turn, was followed by the advent of the "Psychedelic" poster generally characterized by its curvilinear forms, exotic color combinations, and elements of the mystic. In short, with the recent development of many attractive and compatible styles, the poster became not only more attractive, but it appeared to capture the excitement of the present age. The only other requirement was an eager market.

The market, in part, was provided by the "culture" boom in America. Everyone wanted to buy "Art". The paintings and sculptures were often too expensive and large for the average home or apartment. Graphics became one solution. With the rising interest in graphics, the poster also began to sell. It was so inexpensive that it was within the financial means of all. Particularly and singularly important, it had appeal and was easily afforded by the expanded

youth market. Of the varied styles of posters, the most popular is the enlarged photograph (which has no real'artistic merit), then the "Psychedelic" poster (which has some artistic

qualities) and finally, the Pop Art poster (which generally has the greatest artistic potentials). Obviously, the great popularity of the poster (as in also true of the "cultural" explosion) is not based entirely on artistic appreciation. For youth, the poster is a banner. it symbolizes an attitude or way of life and herein lies the appeal. This appeal we will discuss short ly, but first, what is a "Psychedelic" poster?

The term "Psychedelic", as applied to posters, inadequately re fers to a variety of styles. To the layman, most of the posters would appear to be "Psychedelic" if they were characterized by a complexity of fluid curvilinear forms, un usual culor combinations and im-

agery of an "unreal" nature. In one sense, there is no psychedelic art; no major development of an artistic nature has been created while the artist has been under the influence of drugs. Nor would such a development appear to be forthcoming because the discipline and consistency necessary for the creation of art is not compatible to a constant bombardment of hallucinatory imagery. Illustration #1. "Blue Your Mouse Star Turpentine Sandwich", would appear to depict this type of experience. Done in red, yellow, black and blue, the forms suggest a continuous changing configura tion unlike anything previously seen by man. It is as if the artist

attempted to translate a scene into

ed, but examples of this type of poster are not that common,

What is most typical of the "Psychedelie" poster is the type similar to Illustration, #2, "Hoe Down." The distinct difference is that "Blue Your Mouse" would appear to recreate the visual acene experienced under drugs, while "Hoe Down" only conveys the mood of such an experience. "Hoe Down" as is true of most of the posters, utilizes a figure (usually female) engulfed in a sea of arabesque forms rather linear and flat in appearance. It is a more disciplined and stylized use of form which is not as individualized as "Blue Your Mouse" nor as distinctly individual as the work by Tupper (illustration #3).

Tupper's work, a third type, appears to be a composite of grotesque images that might have been experienced from many hallucinatory "trips" and as such, ap- nature. There is a profusion of pears to be more of a record of the the experiences. The style is far

Other two posters and was origin ally designed in black and white.

The "Psychedelic" poster can therefore be, stylistically, completely different; it may attempt to recreate a single visual experience, a composite of images experlenced, or only the mood which then evokes the thought of the sen sations. Obviously the term "pay chedelie" does not succeed in defining the style of the new posters.

The most important consideration regarding the new poster is how it reflects an attitude. It is interesting how similar the Art Nouveau poster from the turn of the century is to our contemporary examples, particularly the most typical format such as "Hoe Down", Paul Berthon's illustration, #4, for the magazine, "L'ERMITAGE", might well be a contemporary floing robes and in communion with fluid and curved lines and a general air of spirituality.

temporary posters and Art Nouан hippieв). There is in common, a denial of the common, a denial of the concept of reality of the physical and visual nature whwhich we perceive with our eyes. Vulues are placed on feelings and aesthetics ruther than on physical ownership and materialism. In both periods, there was a denial of the accepted conventions, stana desire for a more Utopian exis-

The return to nature and harmo ny of man and nature was, and is. a reaction against the industrial and impersonalized quests of the urban society. Side by side, the towards life and society existed with a positive effort for reform. exotic and distant cultures and their art forms were sought out. of the century, styles reflect aspects of the Orient, Gothic and Near East. It was here that the search for a greater spirituality, and often, sensuality, were felt to exist.

Art Nouveau was an environmental art form which provided a therapeutic "forms of nature" shelter. The style was found in costume, in wallpaper, in furnishings for the house, and in architecture. So too, is the contemporary poster part of an environment. The poster stands for the fluid arabesque long hair, the full and flowing robes, the sounds of music like the Beatles' "Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band", for Be-ins in park settings and so-called "Psychedelic" light shows. As a recognizable symbol, it stands for the new ideas and environments of youth; it is a banner before it is a work of art.

While many of the posters fail to achieve artistic quality, there are some examples which have succeeded. Loren Rehbock's PEACE, illustration #5, is such an example. The very ideals of peace, beauty, and serenity are embodied in the work. It is a striking example of careful craft, good design and a gentle strength in the handling of line and color. It, too, has qualities of Art Nouveau, yet it is distinctly contemporary in its topic and in its stark simplicity. It reminds us that even though both

veau could be drawn because there ure many similarities between the attitudes at the turn of the century and contemporary youth (now known dards, pursuits, and general preoccupations of society at large and

wer girl; ethereal, long hair, flow- negative and disillusioned attitude In the search for a new orientation, As true today as it was at the turn

> revue illustree : vnan8 &: r. de L'opeon-18 the turn of the century and the present style are derivitive, original creativity is still possible. In a period when Tiffany lamps, Edwardian clothes, and Aubrey Beardsley are popular, it does not necessarily mean a negative

may lead to new ideas for the future. In short, while there may not be

escape from reality; it can also

be a positive look to the past which

occurred in a particular the influence of a psychedelic. session, a sort of trip sou-And thirdly, there is the bulk of "psychedelic art," venir. Secondly, an art has developed which aims at which attempts to alter the producing works to be felt, consciousness of its audience, to liberate it as the viewed, or heard while under Paris. 18 Rue de l'Odéon. Paris drug does, to "turn it on." Just as the word OM has no literal or dictionary meaning, but is chanted to get in tune with vibrations of the universe, this kind of "osychedelle art" attempts to play

> of success. There have always been arts of liberation, of course. But though much liberating art of the past coincides with the arts inspired by LSD and other mind-drugs, there are still important differences. Psychedelic art frequently is an offshoot of the eidetic images met in the drug experience, for example, and tends to emphasize the cosmlc and cellular. It swirls, multiplies and is very much in flux. It lies in the line of Turner and Blake and Van Gogh, rather than say that of the Impressionists and

with an audience's sensibi-

lities, with varying degrees

Much art that is called psychedelic is uninspired, superficial, commericial. This is not surprising. What is surprising is the excellence of much LSD-inspired work now appearing. Because the psychedelics can put lukewarm people on a spiritual path, give impetus to weak creative urges and produce an intense commitment to the incarnation of ones private vision, we can expect psychedelic art to grow in output and importance.

When applied to art, the word "psychedelic" is used in a number of ways. In part, it has become a stylish, momentary phase -as an extension of the Op and Pop movements, for instance. In some circles, anything colorful in dress, art, movies or music is "psychedelic." But in addition, there is also a genuine art related to the "psychedelic experience," an art cutting across generations and styles.

Illustration 3

Illustration 4

a "Psychedelic" art of great ar-

tistic merit. the present develop-

ments, as well as the generation

that creates it, should not be con-

sidered to be of little value. The

mere fact that there is a creative

spirit which reflects the environ-

ment, indicates that there is an

only by such efforts can there be

attempt to deal with reality and

a better future.



Peter Stafford

In general, serious

psychedelic art can be divided

First, there is that art which

attempts to reproduce or re-

present various events which

into three distinct classes.

AT CHRISTMAS YET by Marshall Bloom

The almost-straight looking, neck-tied young man smiles modestly as the (white) Washington matron graciously opens the front door of her lavish, expensively decorated townhouse in fashionable Georgetown.

"Good evening!" he says, in a dignified, confident tone. "Here is your copy of The Washington Free Press. Thirty Cents at your door."

"Thank you very much, young man," she says grandly, turning around to ask her (black) maid to fetch her coin purse.

(If your're sure by this time -and it doesn't take long to know -that she's hooked into buying it, you can coyly admit that "Its a little cheaper on the street. " She is not daunted by this. She never buys things on the street.)

In the ensuing pause, she probably expects the young man to explain that he is working his way through college selling Free Presses, but he merely stands there.

"There you are," she says handing the money over. She smiles approvingly at the Merry Christmas cover picture of The First Lady, the President and the Secretary of State in a lovely Madonna triumvirate.

Only after the door is closed, and she has seated herself on her plush sofa, and her (black) maid has brought her a scotch and turned down the radio, does she casually eye the newspaper, and notice that smack on Lady Bird's lap, right where the young man had been holding the newspaper, the little Christ child is a (BLACK) Stokely Carmichael.

Merry Christmas, Mrs. Georgetown matron.

Some hints:

1. If the person who answers the door starts to make to joke about "free?" press, don't bother waiting for the punch line. Every single person who is not going to buy the paper has thought of that clever contradiction of selling the Free Press.

If the person strikes you as particularly obnoxious, though, there are any number of replies which may take him by surprise.

2. Little fat rich kids are a pushover.

"Like to buy a Free Press,

kid?' "Mommy isn't home."

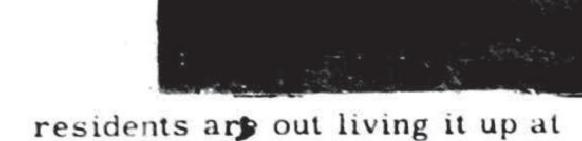
"You won't have to tell her." "Hey, that's right, How much

do you want?"

3. Nobody in those ever-socutesy teensy-weensy very, very narrow houses, buys a copy. Maybe every dime is poured into the mortgages they acquire to squeeze themselves into seven-foot wide three-story Georgetown addresses. It's the big, fat, houses that are owned by people who can "afford" to gamble 30¢ on a Free Press.

(The ethics involved in the question of whether to charge the fat little rich kid 20¢ or 30¢ will be the subject of a long paper to be published sometime in the early spring. Let one's conscience be one's guide in the meantime.)

4. Georgetown residents always leave some lights on at night in their townhouses, whether they are there or not. So you don't UPS members please take note. have to waste time ringing at every house. Be selective. Lights only in one or two windows on the first floor are to fool robbers; the



a Great Society party.

If the only lights on are on the third floor, that means the middleaged or old-aged residents are in bed and wouldn't possibly want to buy a Free Press. Ring anyway, of course. The least they must do is come to the window and shout down, "Who is it?" You respond by mambling something incoherent and walking away. They will lie awake all night wondering, and hence get less done at their State Depairtment jobs the next day.

Or they may put on bathrobes, fumble for the halls lights and come all the way down to the door before they find out that you are trying to sell them something. You know that they will never buy, of course, since no one carries his wallet in his bathrobe.

Only those sitting in the living room, with the rest of the house lit up, are true potential customers. But if you're only selling Free Presses to case the neighborhoods (after all, how much money can you made selling Free Presses, even at 30¢?) a little extra doorbell ringing is good experience.



## von hoffman

## Cont'd from page 3

to each other, 'Wantta lick?' " von Hoffman writes. "Everybody took licks but the chemist...Hutch was pretty well stoned ... "

Everybody but the chemist. Everybody.

Meanwhile, Hutch faces a possible prison term for possession, and Steve remains charged with possession of acid and grass, and operating a house where drugs are used and/or sold.

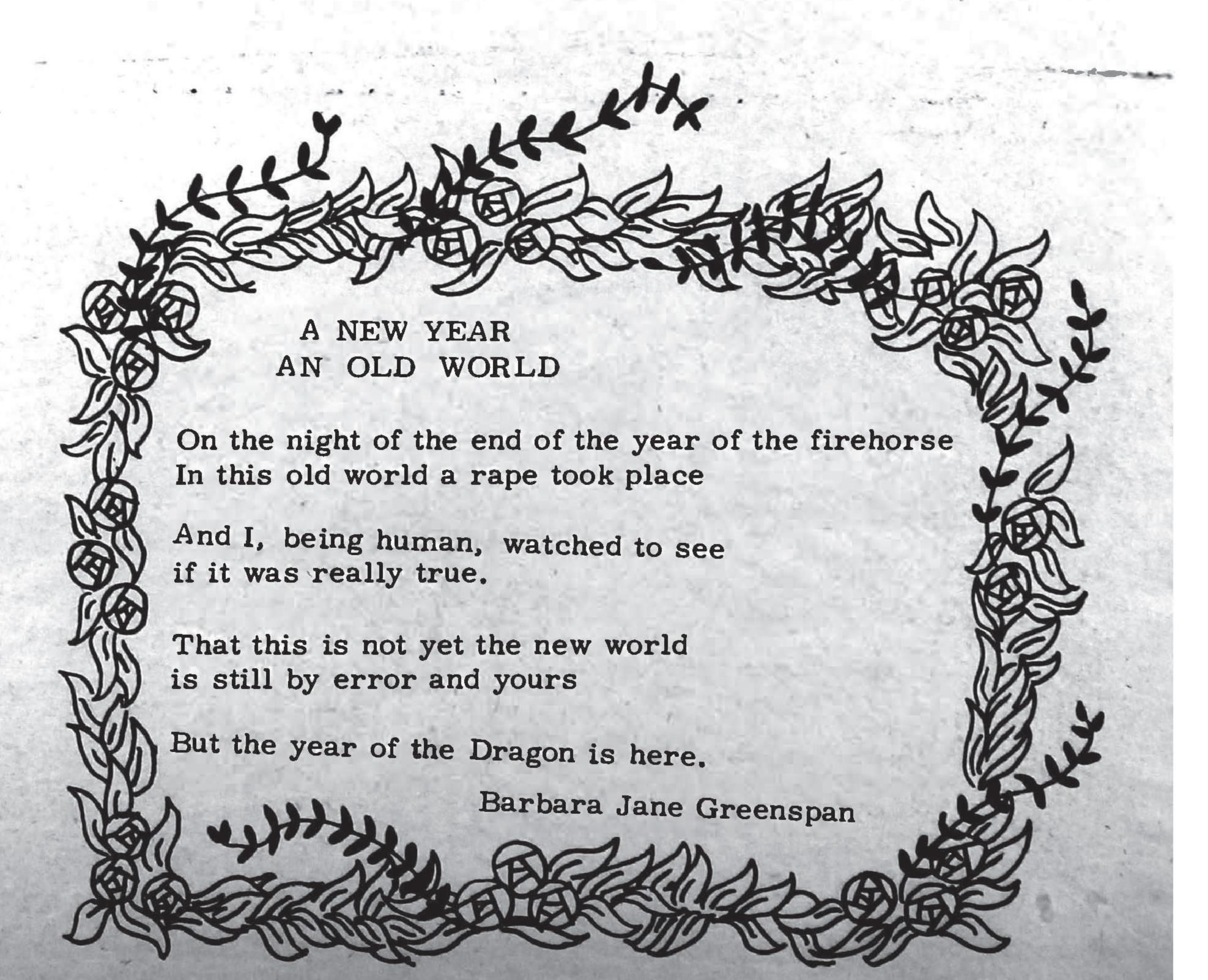
In the November 10 BARB this reporter blasted von Hoffman for being stereotyped, unimaginative, and knee-deep in the ochre inud that characterizes his brand of big city journalism. If anything that criticism was an understatement.

Papa Al, a ranking nark, is now shown to be a cop who uses delegated power as a vehicle to fulfil his own desires.

"He's a great guy, man..Going to write a book, very accurate; going to try and analyze every facet..." is what some San Francisco's underground press people said when von Hoffman was on the scene last summer.

Despite that image, von Hoffman comes across as a consort of a high nark.

Papa Al at last word was reputed to be operating in l'exas.



# versive Activities Control legal cases such as the

BLOOMINGTON, Ind., Jan. 2 -- Arthur Kinoy, a New York defense lawyer closely associated with the black liberation and antiwar movements, told the delegates to the Students for a Democratic Society National Council last week to prepare to meet "a full-scale blueprint of political repression on a major national level" by using aggressive, offensive tactics.

Before the evening was over, both Kinoy and SDS made it quite clear that they were determined that any new wave of repression would be resisted by the Left, that the lesson of McCarthyism had been learned, and that the government's fear was testimony to the Left's effectiveness.

Kinov was not suggesting that the government was intending to jail thousands. Rather, he said, the government's methods included singling out individuals, such as H. Rap Brown, for punishment, and using their examples to frighten large numbers of people into political "paraly-

The antidote, therefore, would be the opposite. The movement should stress unity and prevent individuals from being singled out, and should not allow itself to be frightened from political activity.

An example of this approach is SDS's joining with the National Student Association in the suit against Lt. Gen. Lewis B. Hershey a suit which is being handled by the law firm of Kunstler, Kunstler, and Kinoy.

Kinoy said that the repression would be "coordinated," would unfold in the next "four, five or six months," and would involve a "complex series of machinery."

Kinoy told the gathering of about 300 young activists that they should "reject utterly and totally any defensive posture."

He said that the government is "frightened -- frightened to death," and that its attempts at repression are a result of "desperation."

Specifically, Kinoy outlined five different forms which he said the repression would take:

- . 1) Frame-up prosecution against leadership of the movement.
- 2) Mass hearings by several Congressional committees -- the McClellan Committee, the Eastland Committee, and the House Committee on Un-American Activities.
  - 3) Action by the Sub-

Board, recently given new life and warned to produce or perish, after it had been publicly acknowledged by the Justice Dept. to be useless.

- 4) Mass indictments under the Selective Service act.
- 5) Moves to utilize current laws against espionage and conspiracy, such as the Smith Act.

Kinoy gave some specific examples of how the repression has worked thus far, explaining how the federal government makes use of local police and repressive state statutes, even knowing full well that the laws are unconstitutional and will eventually be thrown out.

The purpose of this type of prosecution is harassment and "preventative arrest," he explained. For example, by confining H. Rap Brown to the southern district of New York, the government has effectively silenced him as a spokesman for SNCC. Kinoy told the 300 SDS militants that it was a "crime" that Brown's confinement was not vociferously protested by the white left. He suggested that friends of SNCC invite Rap to speak, thus supporting the contention that Rap's confinement involves restriction of free speech.

The Congressional investigation committees, Kinoy said, have scheduled hearings in seven cities for the first half of 1968 and have already issued "wholesale subpoenas."

He noted that the committees are now using illegal state statutes and the collaboration of state police agencies to obtain documents belonging to leftist groups.

In this way, the committees obtained documents and files belonging to SNCC and the Southern Conference Education Fund (SCEF) in Louisiana in 1964, more recently, SCEF files were seized in the same way in Kentucky.

As for arrests under the draft laws, Kinoy reported that there were 70 indictments handed down en masse by a grand jury in San Francisco. There are grand juries sitting in five other cities right now, he added.

Kinoy said that the repression would force "a whole generation to face its heart, to face its conscience."

He said that he spoke to SDS as a lawyer speaks to his client, and he called upor the organization to meet. repression by taking the initiative.

This would mean using

SCEF suit against the Eastland Committee to mobilize a counter offensive against the committees and other government agencies. It would also mean taking a firm stand against the legitimacy of the committees, either by not testifying or by maintaining an openly hostile position.

"We now take up the fight for political freedom," Kinoy said. "I happen to believe that there are millions of Americans who will fight" with us, he concluded.

The SDS delegates responded warmly to Kinoy's dramatic delivery, meeting immediately afterward to discuss the problem of how to meet the repression.

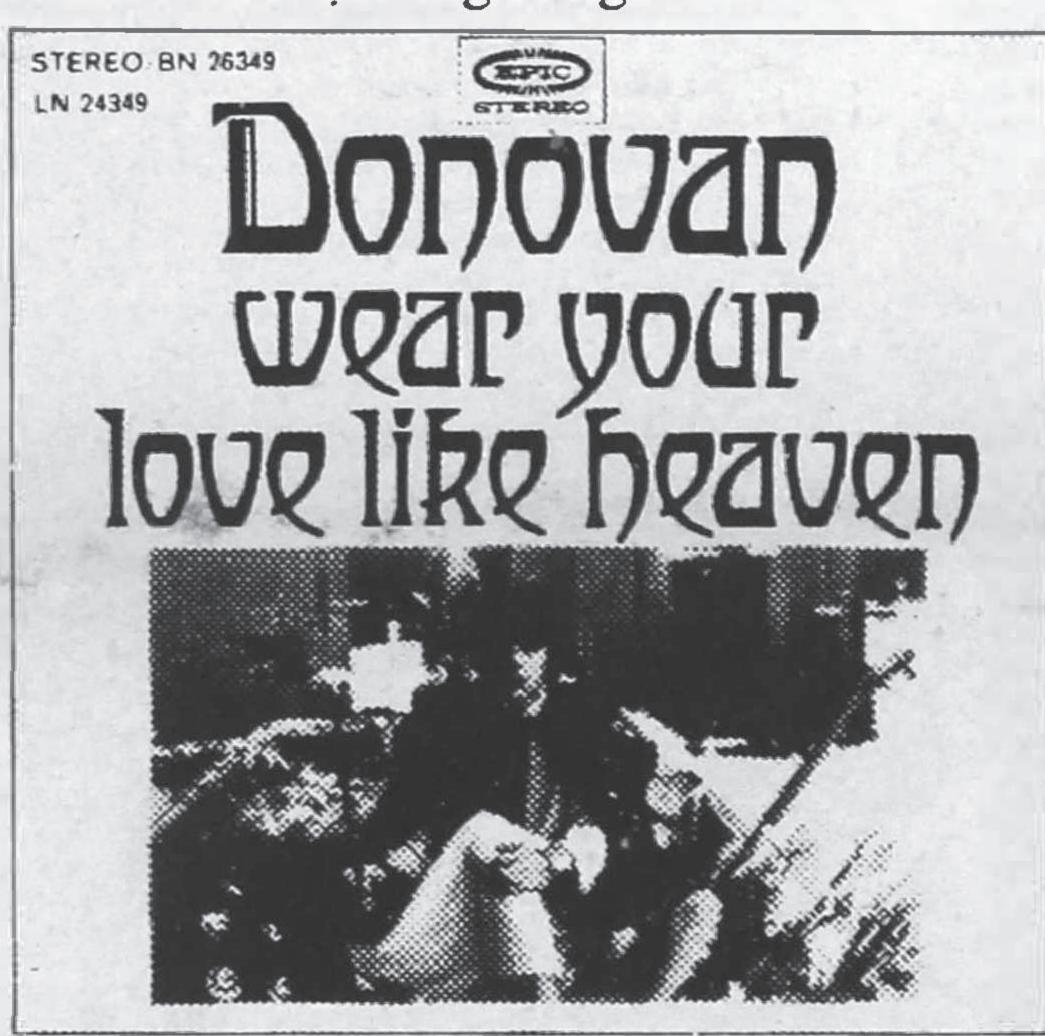
There was general agreement that the organization should not allow repression to prevent it from implementing its on-going program. Later, SDS passed a resolution calling for the addition of a full-time staff member to its National Office for legal defense and offense.

Regional groups decided to contact local lawyers, and the radical media, including Liberation News Service, agreed to obtain and distribute information about the repression and how to stop it. by Allen Young



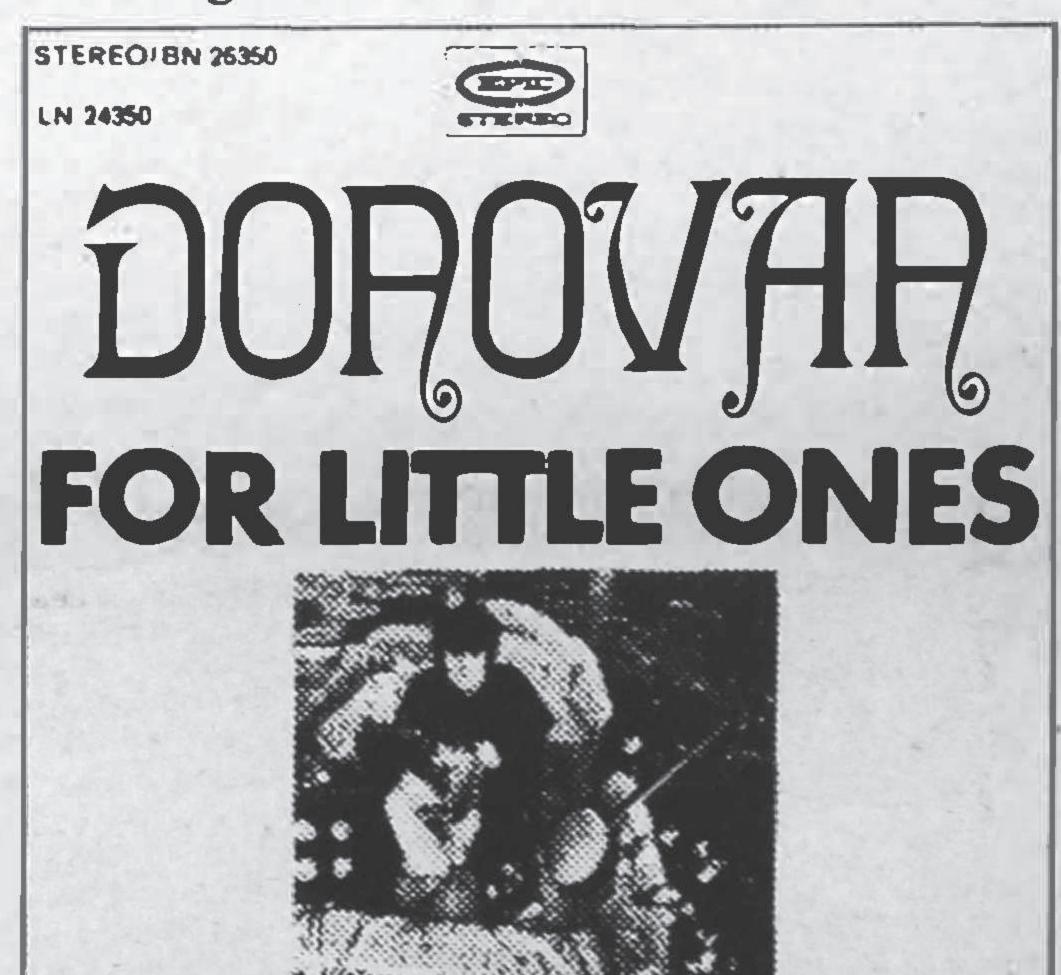
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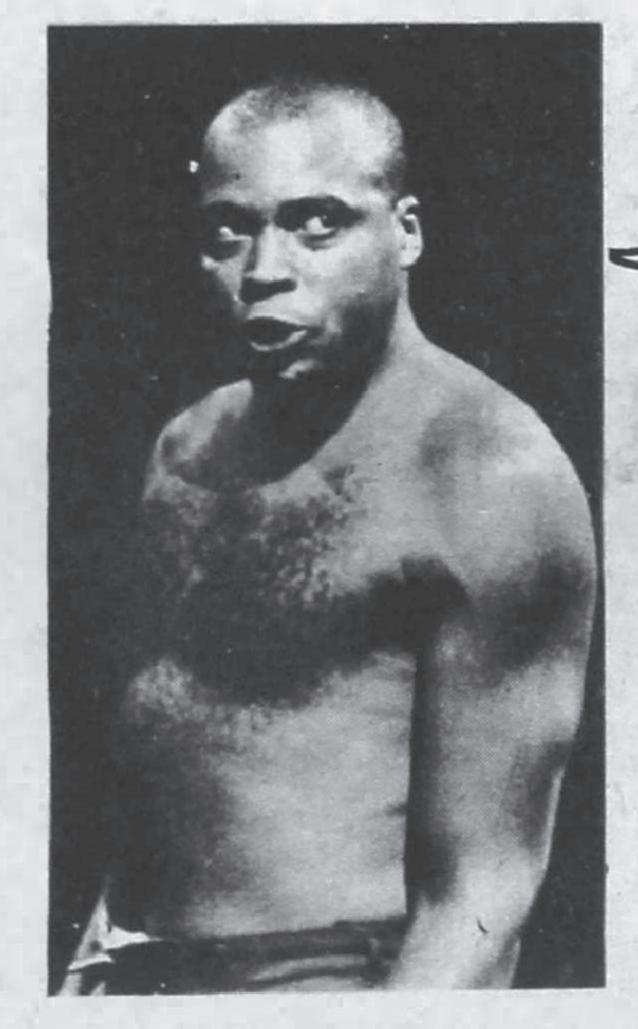
# WOULD TO TO

502

by Ellis Pines

THE GREAT WHITE HOPE
WORLD PREMIERE OF A
PLAY BY HOWARD SACKLER
AT THE ARENA STAGE
THROUGH JANUARY 14

"How much white you up to? How much you done took on?" While sad, sad Christians hum their resignation in the background, Scipio speaks into the dark. His head back over his shoulder, he greets his would-be brethren, the "two-three of my blood." They're theater



patrons, finely dressed at that. And all theater patrons may be color-blind: liberal gray. "How much white you pinin' for? How white you wanna be?"

Then the black nationalist turns on the black protagonist, the first of his race to be heavyweight champion of the world. No whitey there, huh? No sir, boss. I mean yessir: He wants "white man's poontang" and "white man's sportin' prize." In fact, the seeds of the tragedy of Jack Jefferson may be the lily white within him and without him. Only suffering can cure this itching in the hero for white things.



Howard Sackler's The

Great White Hope affects one
as the theater of traditional
techniques rarely does.
James Earl Jones renders the
lead real and well in all his
complexity. After witnessing
Jones giving flesh to the words
of Sackler, one realizes that
to term the effort "a play
about a black man" would be
to say the same of Othello.

Indeed, categorization is overcome so well that the convenient labels of "boxer" and "Negro" become insignificant. The gold belt of the heavyweight crown shifts from being a prized object of finery to being a crass symbol of the tawdry things that men

who live their lives for images

The crown brings Jefferson nothing but grief. He
is out of sorts with the folks
back home in Chicago, including his mother. The law
is after him on charges based
on nothing but maliciousness.
He flees America only to be
kicked out of England and
fight second-raters in Europe.

All these inadequacies he flails painfully on his white female companion, Eleanor Bachman, excellently played by Jane Alexander. She, too, first glories in the unreal. She, too, is brought to a tragic end.

The couple is doomed by the forces about them: the Man, the Promoter, the government, the society, the decadence of men's ideas.

These forces, internalized, lead them after what, ultimately, drags them down.

Yet to speak of the tragedy of Jack Jefferson and its emotional effect upon the audience is to tell only half the story of Sackler's work and Edwin Sherwin's direction.

The babble of liberal conciousness is pierced in another way. A sense of the theatrical is created by intermittent asides and monologues directed to the audience as audience. The viewer is not allowed to lose himself in identification with hero and

heroine. His own distorted outlook is assaulted simultaneously with Jefferson's.

Sherwin's direction averts the self-satisfaction of tragedy.

For example, when a gentleman from the Justice Department unofficially conspires with promoters seeking a "great white hope" to defeat Jefferson, a plan is concocted to get the black fighter back to America to throw a mutch in exchange for money. The audience is tempted to cry, "Shame! Shame!" But Mr. Dixon of the U. S. Government points out the contradiction inherent in such an attitude:

"You seem too indignant, sir. Yes, I
heard you. We have
that all the time from
people like you, that
old Machiavelli crap.
Look into it further,
sir. But not in here,
or at home. Examine
your attitude next
time you're nervous
on the streets at
night,"

In other words, you great egalitarians who sob over the plight of a poor black fighter, think about these things next Newark-

Detroit time when you cheer ol' Lyndon's preservation of law and order.

The three hours' traffic of the play is sprinkled with several such efforts to cause the audience to contrast what they feel in the comfortable theater with their treasured assumptions. There is Clara the "black-ass woman" Jefferson turned his back on, asking that the jilter of her race be dragged down soon. The audience has been tempted to side with Jefferson against her, but a Brechtian slap across the face prevents the facility of such feelings.

Sherwin expertly combines Jones' creation of a
full human being, a receptacle for audience identification, with intellectual jabs at
spectator "open-mindedness."
You can't bathe your guilt
away in the action of the
drama. Catharsis won't
solve the problem: the white
problem, the black problem,
the human problem.

So Sackler, Sherwin, and Jones turn you, shaken, back onto the street. Now there's no such thing as an abstraction known as the "race-equality struggle." There's only yourself and all your hang-ups. "How much white you up to?"

WASHINGTON, D. C. (LNS) -In keeping with the fact that the
Vietnam war is supported by and
for America's big businesses,
here is a way to take advantage of
modern technology and to engage
in simple but effective economic
protest.

Anytime you find a business re-

Anytime you find a business reply card or envelope, DON'T THROW IT AWAY!

If the postage is paid by the addressee, fill it out - with either the words STOPTHE WAR or with a fictitious name and address (i.e. D. Rusk, Ill Main St., N. Y., N. Y.) Either way, it costs that company money, and sooner or later they'll know why.

Everytime you drop a card in a mail box - and it must be posted once you deposit it - it costs that corporation 2¢ more than the usual postage; and it costs the Post Office too, (Postal rates are already going up as a result of the war, and if this protest forces them up again, it may cause greater anti-war sentiment here.)

Even if they find out that the address doesn't exist, it will take them hours of time and paper work, costly, fruitless effort.

We are asking all newspapers, magazines, and radio stations to print, reprint, or read this message to the nation. Let OUR reply to business be: STOP THE WAR.



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HOW I WON THE WAR

(at the Playhouse in D. C.)

Richard Lester's How I Won the War hopefully assaults hearsay, the banal justification of the Always Good and Right for the necessary battles. His target is neither quite so big as war itself nor so confined as war movies. Thus the effort pricks, even stings, but never burns. The AlliedHawk-Thor subsists in the audience mind, unblown, to fight again another day.

Although Lester does not win the war of desanctifying the 1939-45 conflict, he has some impressive victories. Several excellent individual performances are combined with finely edited footage to cast significant doubts on the history perpetuated by the G.I. - now suburban father-and the Hollywood suicide battallion.

Fortunately, the story is framed within the great myth of the "Nazi thing." Popular consciousness has it that madmen sprouted from the ground by the Rhine, and that these wild, crazy, Goethe-ignoring monsters threw Ann Frank into an attic and Anglo-Saxonry into war. The English-speaking peoples then rose up to sa ve civilization from the Teutonic plague.

Proclaims Lt. Goodbody (Michael Crawford) to his German captor Odlebog (Karl Michael Vogler), "But we British are civilians underneath. When his companion indicates that the forces of the Axis are mobilized from equally nonwarrior stock, Goodbody replies that he could hardly imagine Odlebog "waiting for the No. 8 bus.

To Odlebog, who has admittedly decimated his quota of Jews, Goodbody speaks as a fascist. But can one, by defination, be a fascist bearing no ill will to Semites? The answer is in the negative for the commanding officer of F company, who is more comfortable accepting his National Socialist counterpart as a Sunday painter and gatherer of eggs than himself in a brown shirt.

Herein is the most real, most human confrontation of the movie. Bleeding stomachs are nothing new, even in comic cloakings. But by establishing a greater rapport between Goodbody and his Nazi love interest than between Goodbody and his men, Lester tears away the great veil of Wid. War II as the clearcut, right-

reasoned war. A heil from Goodbody to Odlebog is the high point of How I Won The War. The two speak the same language, the international vocabulary of elites.

A second area of attack for Lester contains the light and transsient causes for and by which men are killed. Dunkirk and Alamien, both in monocolor tints, are contrasted with the full-color strategic efforts of Goodbody's platoon to set up a cricket field behind enemy lines in North Africa. Deaths in the small sector of the war (F company) are matched by deaths in the great battles.

And the dead soldiers become good soldiers. Orange or green or another shade from head to toe, they show evidence of discipline and proper subservience. Loss of life has shown them what war is all about, as if there were no other way to learn it.

Meanwhile a moustached musketeer puts on a derby and heads for home, "thereby keeping alive the rumor that soldiers don't like war... which they do. "

War, of course, if one is not an American, means severe dislocations of the innocent. While the viewer of movies chomps his popcorn, these dislocations are playing daily in the huts of Vietnam. U.S. technological superiority removes such personal, human disasters from our experience. And I never felt such horrors, with immediacy, until F company entered the home of a bewildered French family and razed it to the ground. No scene could be closer to the truth of telling war "like it

Two army types are so brilliant. ly played as to add in themselves another dimension of understanding about war. On the one hand there is Lee Montague as Transom, the professional soldier, who remarks upon seeing his superior Goodbody, "We're all going to die. " He is efficient, selfconsistent, with the micro-comprehension that if there is a job to be done, it should be done correctly.

On the other hand there is Jack MacGowran's wise sage, Juniper. He is the old soldier of the platoon, full of entertainments and exhortations. Clown clad, he alone has the large insights about -war.

The John Lennon performance as Gripweed is not nearly as successful as the MacGrowan or Montague characterizations. However, the "cult of personality" seems to win out, and the mere sight of the spectacled Lennon sends the audience into magical, mystical hysteria. Most of them have come to see Lennon anyway, and even an adequate performance suffices to bring laughter.

Therein lies the central failings of the film. Says the director himself, "I have made a tragic film by using comic terms." Yet Lester, while avoiding the melodramatic anti-war war picture, has apparently forgotten about the reassuring war comedy, into which his production lapses too often. Laughter assuages and releases. Slapstick does not jolt an audience into awareness. A fumbling Michael Crawford soothes an audience, a la Jerry Lewis, into "I'm glad it's him, not me.

Nevertheless, How I Won The War is bold in so far as commercial, full-length films are generally expected to be. However, "boldness" per se, - especially when touted by the director who notes that the armed forces who cooperated with him in preparation of the film are somewhat upset with the outcome - is only a cover-up for not getting close enough to the issues at hand.

-- Ellis Pines

# CHE VIVE DONDE PUEBLO LUCHA!

Camaradas:

I am Latin-American and newly arrived here in Washington. I am seventeen years old. Of those seventeen years, nine have been lived under dictatorships.

I am Argentine, a native of the land of Che, yet all of America is my land, as it was with Che.

I have suffered police brutality in my country under Ongania. I have been beaten in the Paraguay of Stroessner for wearing long hair and believing in flowers. My face was scarred in the Honduras of Lopez Arellano and I was humiliated, spit at, by the Guardia Nacional in the Nicaragua of the Somoza dynasty.

I witnessed the rise of the generals over the people in Brazil in 1964 and those same people, generations of them, crushed under the United Fruit Co. in the Caribbean. As a boy of eight, I had a glimpse of the brothel of the Caribbean, the brothel of the sugar planters and the rich Gringos, Cuba before Fidel, Che, and Camilo.

I have seen the Canal, and the faces of the pueblo in the Church feud of El Salvador.

I came to this country in dread, remembering past visits, remembering what it was like being treated as a "gaucho of the pampas," as a Latin-American Indio.

Yet, by chance, a copy of your wonderful publication came to my hands and I was amazed and both happy and sad. Amazed because I found Human Yanquis who understood us, who understood what the Sierra Maestra, July 26 and Moncada means to all of us. And I was happy and sad because you represent what I, what we, the new generation of Latin-Americans seek. You not only seek guidance in Che and Regis, you seek guidance in flowers and colors and sounds. You turn the revolution into love, yet it remains revolution. And the misery and the war and the crying people become a song. They do not cease being misery and war, the people still suffer, yet you combine their tears with that poem of song and that is the revolution.

I admire you and with me goes the admiration of young people in various countries to whom I have sent FREE PRESS.

As I say, I am new and I know nobody here, yet already I feel I have close friends I have known all my life, in you. I am at your service and complete disposition.

Thank you for writing and doing what you do. Persist for when the moment comes in which we will all be brothers, in which we will all again be able to believe in flowers without being humiliated and beaten. When that moment comes and remains eternal, your work shall not be forgotten and we shall be in debt to you as we already are to Che, Regis, Camilo and others.

For the moment, you pull many out of mere existence, into life.

Thank you again.

Chau.

Albert Miori-Sanz 1404 26th St. NW #3 Washington, D. C. 20007

A ... 15

# THE SOUL SEARCHERS.

"I just want to be the best possible Janis Ian. Whoever that is."

"Grownups only listen if you're saying what they want to hear."

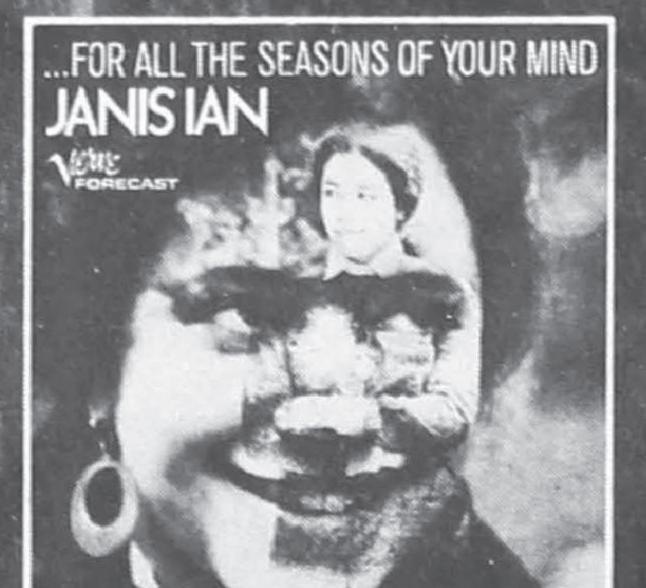
"And then I began to write my own songs. Why? Mainly because if your head itches you scratch it, and I've found a fingernail."

"I could be anything. I could wind up a street cleaner. Who knows?"

"I want the adults to enter the world, to stay in the world.

After all, they made it. We have to live in it."

"I've already outgrown the songs on my first album."



FT/FTS-3024

"I feel at least 1,026 years old, but I know that's not very old."

"I don't think I ever was a Negro. I saw different colors, but man, that seemed so small. The big question of what we are was in my head, so color meant nothing."

"When I sing, my body has something to do, which is play the guitar. My mind is busy looking at the pictures the writer created. And my spirit is feeling the song's sensations all over again."

"Everything I do is looking at the one big, beautiful thing: what are we doing here, why and how? That is what it is all about."



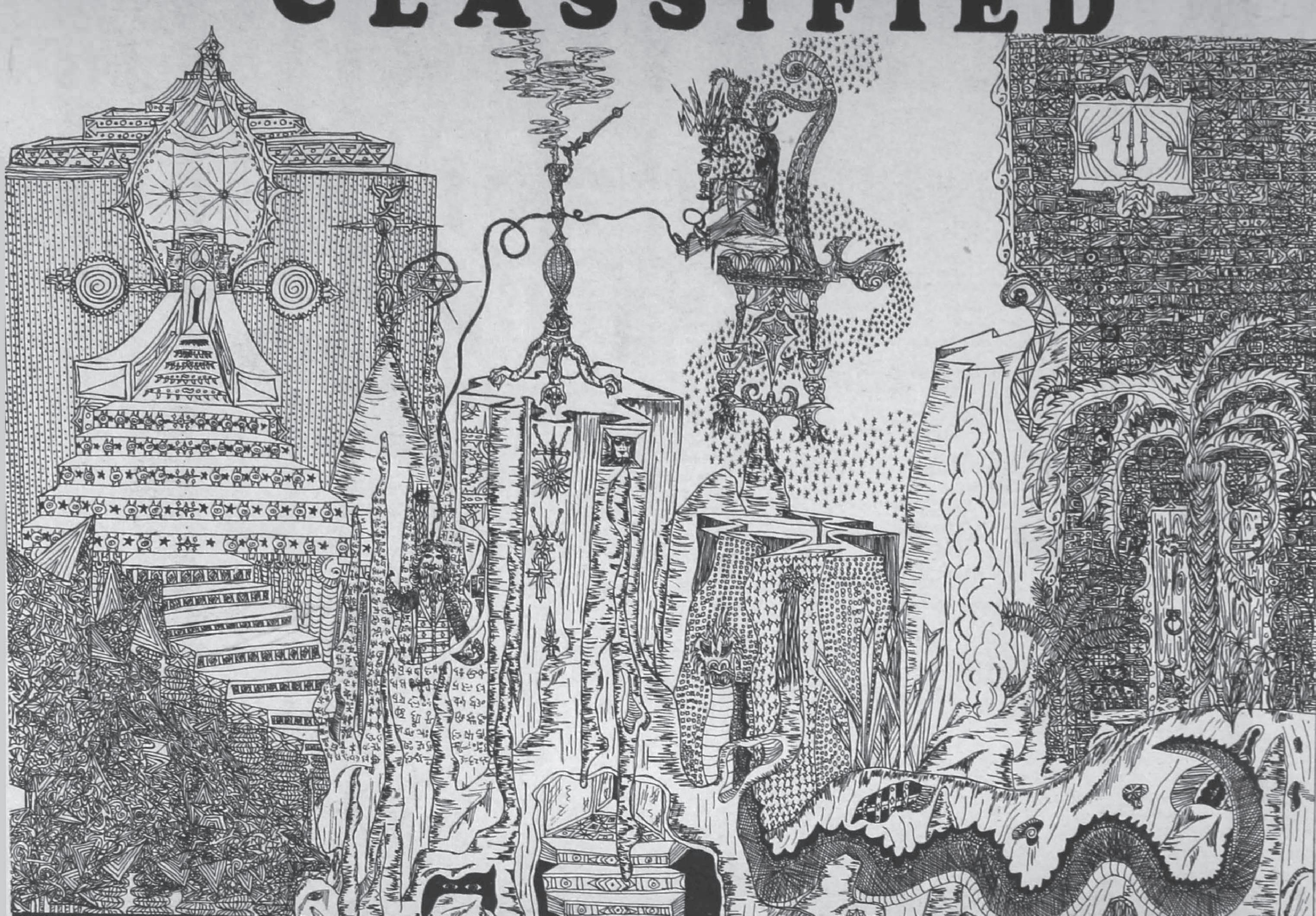
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A friendly Free Press reporter needs help with writing high school resistance news. Anyone the least bit interested call Bob Levine at 638-6377. If I am not here, leave a message.

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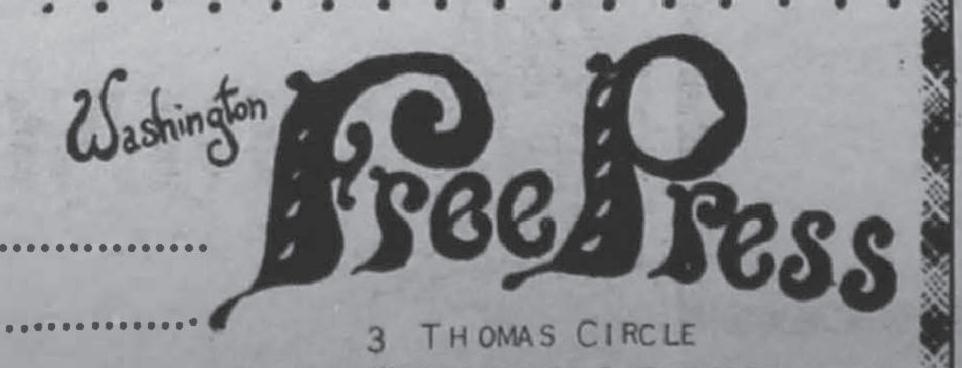
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Magazine publ. by the Sexua Freedom League. Mailed in plain cover \$1. Box 14034, San Fransisco 94114.

FOR SALE. 33 record albums for \$15; popular (pre-rock and roll), show, comedy, others; very good condition. Call Bill at 638-6377 or 667-0137.

## KATE PLEASE CALL AT ONCE.

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# ("Civil Rights") BULESPENE 2

BULL'S-EYE - 2

Scene: A Bull's eye target with red heart-shaped center. A harp plays.

A blond haired white boy in Jeans and T shirt, enters from left wing, idly, walks past target. The red heart center falls out

(backward) with a clatter. The white boy slows, stops, looks back at target, walks backward to target, stops, peers at center heart-shaped hole.

A naked black boy enters from right wing, with hatchet in left hand, a red ribbon around his waist, strutting rock'n roll, moves to place directly behind target, stands on fal len red heart-shaped center.

The white boy sticks head thru heart-shaped hole and peers at black boys feet standing on red heart center.

The harp stops. The black boy decapitates white boy with axe, nudges head off red heart center with foot, lays axe aside, carefully replaces red heart center in target bull's-eye, picks up white boy's head, tosses it gently; repeatedly in air, catching it.

The harp plays.

A middle-aged Japanese scrubwoman enters from left wing with push broom, pushes white boy's body off stage right.

A fat white American cop, riding blue motorscooter, roars on from right wing, screeches to halt before target, peers at red heart center, peers at black boy standing behind target, idly tossing white boy's head in the air. Fat policeman draws revolver, follows tossing head with eyes, shoots six times at red heart center.

The white boy's head stays in the air. '

The red heart center bleeds six black holes, in form of a cross.

The red heart center falls out (forward) of the target.

The fat white policeman leans from his scooter, reaches inside target heart-shaped hole seizes black boy's genitals.

The harp stops. The suspended white boy's head screams.

The black boy does a jig in his place and hums a Negro folk song.

The white boy's head falls to the ground, and rolls around the scooter, with a clatter. The fat white policeman rips off the black boy's genitals and, waving them, roars off, on his scooter; left.

The black boy's body softly folds itself down, behind target. The target's bull's eye has a black heart-shaped center.

A middle-aged Chinese scrub woman enters from left wing with shovel, and after considerable difficulty, scoops up white boy's head with it. She lóoks off left, she looks off right, she looks over shoulder at us, backs toward us, and without looking at us dumps white boy's head into lap of middle - class lady sitting in first row.

The black boy (OFF) screams. The harp plays agitatedly. The target's black heart center becomes white.

The target's white heart center becomes red. The target's red heart center

becomes white. The target's white heart center

becomes red. The middle-aged Chinese scrub woman exits with shovel off

right. A fat black policeman, on blue motor scooter, roars on from left wing, waving black boy's genitals.

The target's heart center turns from red to black to white to red, 1

The fat black policeman retrieves the white boy's head from middle-class lady in front row, drops black boy's genitals in lap of white middleclass gentleman, sitting next to her, roars twice around target on scooter, roars off stage left, the boy's head hoist-

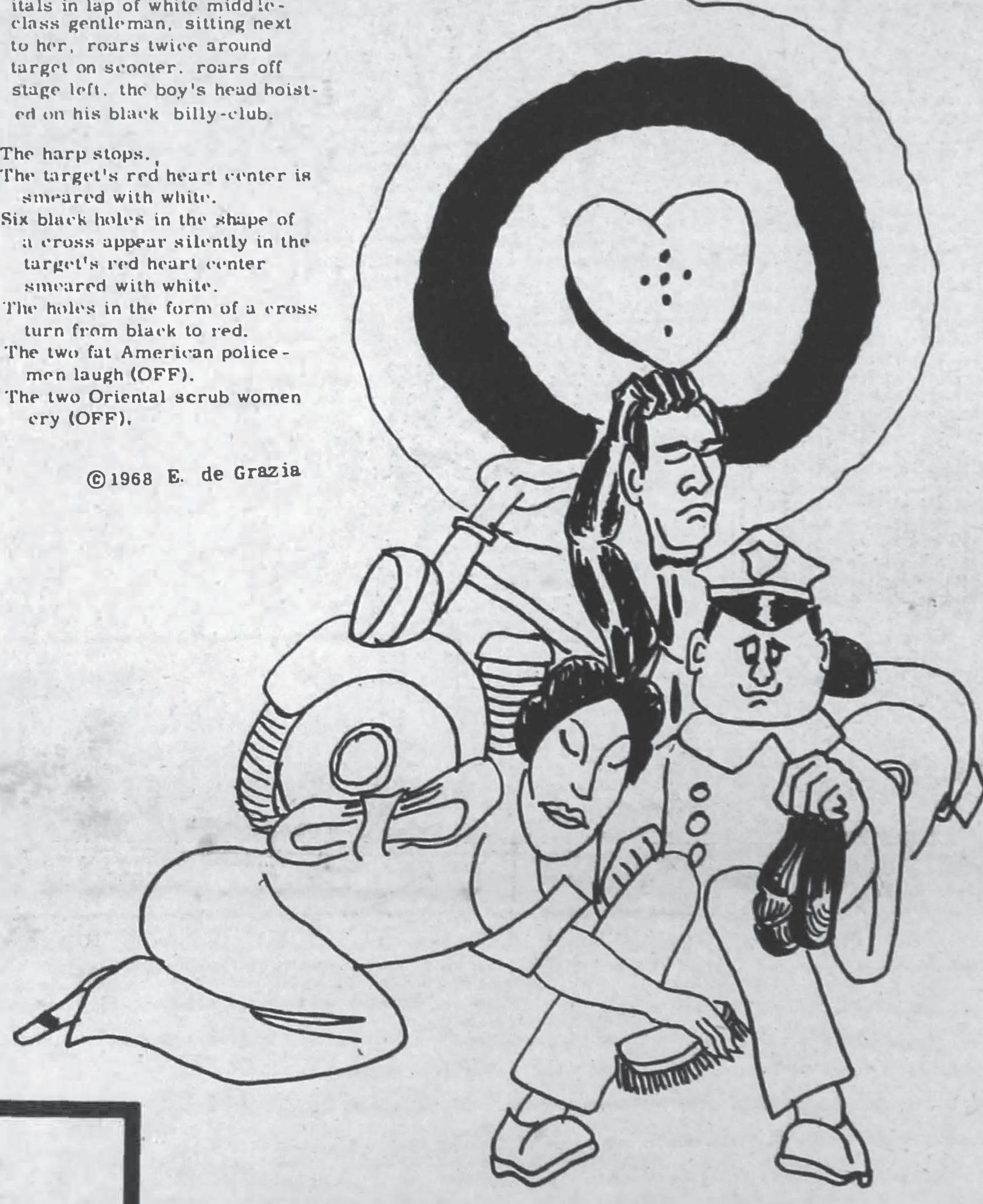
The harp stops.

The target's red heart center is

Six black holes in the shape of a cross appear silently in the target's red heart center smeared with white.

The holes in the form of a cross turn from black to red.

men laugh (OFF). The two Oriental scrub women By Edward de Grazia



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Saturday, January 13 (9:00-12:00)

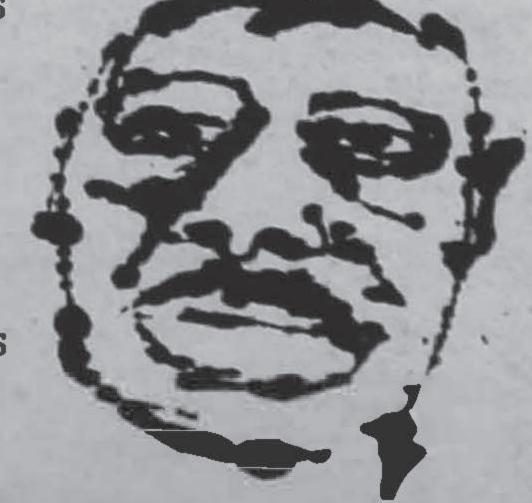
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# What the Hell is Going On?

SUNDAY - JANUARY 7

TALK "What Can Jews Believe?" sonian Institution; Museum of Trude Weiss-Rosmarin, editor of the Jewish Spectator; 10:30 am torium at 2:00 pm, and Museum Wasb. Hebrew Congregation, Mass. Ave. and Macomb St., NW at 8:00 pm; Free. free, open to the public.

VIENNA CHOIR BOYS at Constitution Hall, 3 pm; seats \$1.50 to \$3.75; tickets at Campbells, 1300 G St., NW, AAA, Montgomery Ward.

HIKE in Rock Creek Park sponsored by the American Youth Hostels, Inc. Meet: Rock Creek Park Nature Center, 9:30 am. Bring lunch. cost: 35¢

VIETNAM DISCUSSION speaker: Don Luce, former Director of International Voluntary Services Organization who recently resigned in protest after working seven years among the villagers of Vietnam. Audience invited to participate in following discussion. 8 pm; Montgomery Blair High School, Girls Gym, sponsored by Takoma Park-Silver Spring Community Forum on Vietnam.

TALK by William Sloane Coffin, chaplan at Yale, on Returned Volunteers and Opposition to the War. Presented by the Committee of Returned Volunteers; of special interest to all those who have done Volunteer work overseas. 7 pm, Lincoln Memorial Temple, 11th and R Sts. NW.

TALK by Frank Speltz, WFP editor and eminent authority on nothing, All Souls Church, Havard and 15th Sts., NW; 5:30 pm

CONCERT Soprano Elizabeth Vrenios; Kreiger Music Building, American U.; 8:30 pm, free.

COLK MUSIC, Amateur performers at Cellar Door, 34th and M Streets, NW; every Sunday from 8 to 12 pm; \$1 cover charge; auditions at 6 pm

## MONDAY - JANUARY 8

LECTURE Mark Van Doren, "Memorial Lecture on Carl Sandburg"; Coolidge Auditorium of the Library of Congress, 8:30 pm, no tickets necessary.

DISCUSSION Qualified people from Germany, Austria and Switzerland will discuss college life in their countries. Sponsored by the German Club of Georgetown U. in Paons Lounge, Washington Building, GU campus 8 pm; refreshments.

## TUESDAY - JANUARY 9

DIALOGUE Potters House Carl F. Stover, President of the National Institute of Public Affairs will talk on "Politics: The Art of Life" The public is invited to participate in discussion afterwards; \$1 admission includes coffee; 8:30 pm The Potters House, 1658 Columbia Road, NW.

VIETNAM DISCUSSIONS with William Crisp who bas returned from active duty with the U.S. army in Vietnam. 1 pm, Humanities Building, Montgomery Junior College in Rockville, Md.

JAZZ New Thing Jazz Workshop, St. Margaret's Church, Conn. and Brancroft Pl., NW 8-10 pm \$1, free coffee; tonight: Gary Hart Quartet.

DISCUSSION AND SOCIALIZING Richard Strout, Dean of the Washington Bureau of the Christian Science Monitor, will speak on Views of Current Affairs; All Souls Church, Harvard and 15th St., NW; 8:15 pm, free socializing before and after discussion.

CONCERT Latin American and Spanish Music, Washington National Symphony, Guillermo Espinosa, guest conductor; Constitution Hall, 8:30 pm. For ticket information call 628-7332,

WEDNESDAY - JANUARY 10

CONCERT - See Jan. 9 listing

FILM THEATER "To the South Pole with Peter Scott" Smith-History and Technology Audiof Natural History Auditorium

ICE SKATING on artificially forzen outdoor rink near the South Four Towers Apartment, 4600 So. Four Mile Run Drive, Monday-Friday 12:30 pm to 10:30 pm. call 671-2500 for further information.

VIGIL FOR PEACE Every Wed. in front of Woodward and Lothrop Carolina Ave., S. E. Call 546-Dept. Store, 11th St., between

SQUARE DANCING every Wednesday at All Souls Church, Har-SUNDAY - JANUARY 14 vard and 15th Streets, NW, 8:30 pm; 75¢, students 50¢.

### THURSDAY - JANUARY 11

LECTURE "The Soviet Concept of Man" Richard De George, U. of Kansas; 8 pm, Caldwell Auditorium, Catholic U.

LEARNIN presented by the Free University at American U. Schedule: 11am - Rev. Richard McSorely of Georgetown U, "The Gallery, 1600 21st St., N. W. Morality of the Vietnam War"; 12pm - lunch; 1 pm - Will Inman, former poet-in-residence at AU, "The Free University, The Free Individual and Poetry"; literature and the media. Mod-2 pm - Rev. Charles Rother, "Jesus Was A Dropout"; 3 pm -Dr. Charles Wilber, AU Economics Dept.; 4 pm - Dr. Said of the School of International Services, AU; 5 pm - J D Kuch, Washington Boo-Hoo of the Neo-American Church; 6 pm - dinner; 7 pm - Dagmar Wilson (tentative) WSP; 8 pm - Frank Speltz, eminent WFP editor, will speak on the draft, drugs, school, and sex; 9 pm - Free Stage - learn in participants invited to come on stage and do their thing. Discussions following each talk. Kay Spiritual Life Center Lounge, American U. campus. Free.

FOLK DANCING every Thursday night at Roosevelt H.S., 13th and Upshur Sts., NW; Instruction from action and other expressions of 8:30 - 10 pm; free dancing from 10 - 11 pm; nominal charge; call AD4-2050, ext. 8 for further information.

## FRIDAY - JANUARY 12

LECTURE "The Concept and Function of Authority" - Richard De George, U. of Kansas, 8 pm Caldwell Auditorium, Catholic University.

Washington Ethical Society Auditorium, 7750 16th Street NW 8:30 pm, \$1 admission, 50¢ for children.

JAZZ at Dingane's Den, Afro-American restaurant, 2106 18th St., NW featuring the Turning Point Modern Jazz Quartet; Friday, 10 pm - 2am; Saturday 8 pm - 1 am; Sunday 6 - 10 pm; no cover or admission.

CA MPING weekend in So. Pennsylvania. Call Hilda Kossoff DU9-3187(days) DU7-6000(until 10 pm) for information and reservations.

COFFEE HOUSE. The Iguana, Luther Place Church, 14th and N Streets, NW; open Fridays 9 pm - 1 am, Saturdays 9 - 12 pm; diversified ages, food, coffees, refresbments, entertainment, art exhibits, lectures and discussions; call 667-1379 for further information.

DISCUSSION every Friday night, 8 pm; Catholic Worker, 945 L St., NW; call 462-5631 for information on speakers.

SOCIALIZING with foreigners in the Occidental Restaurant, 1411 Penn. Ave., NW. Americans and foreigners invited to meet each other every Friday at 9 pm. Sponsored by Meet Americans

## SATURDAY - JANUARY 13

COFFEE HOUSE See Jan. 12

ARLO GUTHRIE CONCERT Lisner Auditorium, GW University 21st and H Sts., NW; 8:30pm Tickets at \$4.00, \$3.50, \$3.00 and \$2, 50. Available at Talbert Ticket Agency, Willard Hotel; Learmont's in Georgetown; the Alexandria Folk-Lore Centre, 323 Cameron St., Alexandria; or by sending check and selfaddressed, stamped envelope to Stanley-Williams Presentations, 1715 37th St., NW

INTERNATIONAL FOLK DAN -CING every Saturday at All Souls Church, Harvard and 15th Sts., NW, 8 - 11:45 pm, 75¢

VIGIL FOR PEACE every Saturday at the shopping center on Wisconsin Ave. between Elm and Willow Streets, Bethesda; 10 to 11 am.

ICE SKATING Washington Coliseum

PEACE MOVEMENT needs volunteers for neighborhood canvassing. No experience necessary. Meet Saturdays at 10 am or Sundays at 3 pm at 1015 No. F and G Streets, NW, poon - 1pm 3557 or 544-4321 for further information.

LECTURE "English Jewry" by Chaim Bermant, literary critic and journalist, 10:30 am Washington Hebrew Congregation Mass. Ave. at Macomb Street, NW. Free, open to the public. ICE SKATING - See Jan. 10th listing. Sat. Sun. & holidays 10:30 am - 10:30 p.m.

PIANO RECITAL, Shulamit Ram, pianist, The Phillips 3:00 p. m. Free.

LECTURE PANEL Rod Sterling & David Susskind discuss erated by James Dickey, Library of Congress, Coolidge

ting; Constitution Hall, 8:30 p.m. For ticket information call 332-5553.

### TUESDAY - JANUARY 16

DIALOGUE, Potters House, See Jan. 9 listing.

DISCUSSION & SOCIALIZING. Frank Speltz of the Washington FREE PRESS discusses New Left, hippies, drugs, sex. All Souls Church, 16th & Harvard Sts., N. W. 8:15 p. m.; free, socializing before & after discussion..

FILM PROGRAM, "Behind the Iron Curtain, " "Russia Revisited, "Going Like Sixty Program; Mt. Pleasant Branch Library, 16th & Lamont Sts., N.W. 2 to 4 p. m. Free.

near Columbia Pike, Arlington; 3 - 5 pm; skates may be rented. AUDITIONS for amateur musical productions, every Tuesday at 8 pm in the Music Room, Roos evelt H. S., 13th and Upshur Streets, NW. For further information call Frank Hirschel, 737-3377 (days).

> SOCIAL Meet people from all over the world in the Penthouse at the YWCA, 17th and K Sts., NW, every Tuesday from 7:30-10:30pm; games, refreshments and special events. For further information call HE8-2100, ext. 22.

### **WEDNESDAY -- JANUARY 17**

CONCERT. University Chorus, Paul Traver, conductor, University of Maryland Dept. of Music; Tawes Fine Arts Center Theater, 8:15 p.m. Free.

FILM THEATER. "The Land of the Yeti, "narrated by Lowell

Thomas, Smithsonian Institution; Museum of Natural. History Auditorium, 8 p. m. Free. TODAY, NORTH VIETNAM WILL announce that they will agree to unconditional surrender if the United States will stop the bombing. President Johnson will reply that the United States can't do it until it has time to study the announcement to see what it really means.

TALK. Dr. Farner of Federal City College will speak on the prospects of a new college in D. C. Sponsored by ADA; Washington POST Building, 8 p. m.

### FRIDAY - JANUARY 19

CONCERT. The Kontorsky Brothers, duo pianists; Coolidge Aud. of the Library of Congress, 8:30 p.m. TODAY, PRESIDENT JOHNSON WILL Patrick Hayes Concert Bureau on the Monday before the concert. Two tickets per person only.

BALLET. The National Ballet, "Coppelia"; Lisner Auditorium, GWU, 8:30 p.m. For ticket information call DU 7-5544.

PEACE MOVEMENT. See Jan. 13 listing.

### SUNDAY -- JANUARY 21

VOTER REGISTRATION meeting. "Register & Vote for Peace in '68." Information, speakers. Sponsored by Capitol Hill Concerned Citizens for Peace; 3 p. m. Call 544-4321 for location.

TALK. "Recent Jewish Theology." Dr. Lou Silberman, Hillel Professor of Jewish Life & Thought at Vanderbilt University; 10:30 a. m. Washington Hebrew Congregation, Mass. Ave & Macomb St., N. W. free, open to public.

Free except for small service charge, attend National City Christian Church at Thomas Circle, across the street from the WASHINGTON FREE PRESS office. He is hereby invited to stop in to our office & have a cup of coffee & talk things over.

> PEACE MOVEMENT. See, Jan. 13 listing.



## resistance

This Friday, members of antiwar groups in Washington will follow up a demonstration at the Justice Department at noon (10th St & Penna. Ave., NW) protesting indictments for "conspiracy" to counsel and aid draft resistance, Weitzel. The statement says, with a trip to Western High School to counsel students there to resist the draft.

In response to news of the indictments organizations in the DC area and around the nation have planned intensified anti-draft solidarity with those under indictment.

The National Office of Students for a Democratic Society issued a "Call to Resistance", for "its 35,000 members and 290 chapters across the country plus members of the 75 Draft Resistance Unions which it has helped to organize to demonstrate their solidarity with the real heroes of the current struggle in America -- those who refuse to participate in war BLUES AND GOSPEL performanceand racism and those who are committed to their support.... On Friday, January 12, SDS and other groups involved in active political resistance to American agression abroad will join in direct support actions across the nation to demonstrate their determination that their movement will not be crushed."

The group with which the five men under indictment have been associated, Resist, is collecting signatures on a "statement of complicity, " already endorsed by Rev. Martin Luther King.

Auditorium. 8:30 p.m. No tickets necessary.

PEACE MOVEMENT. See Jan. 13 listing.

FOLK MUSIC. See Jan 7 listing.

TALK, Dale Auckerman, founder of the International Friendship House in Germany will speak on this post-World War II anti-fascist institution. 7:30 p.m. Friends Meeting House; 2111 Florida Ave., N. W.

## MONDAY -- JANUARY 15

A CALL TO AMERICAN WOMEN to join a nationwide convergence on Washington, January 15, the day Congress reconvenes. To protest the ruthless slaughter in Vietnam. Meet at Union Station, 11:30 a.m. Wear black. The Jeanette Ran- Hall of Musical Instruments. kin Brigade 362-9219; 293-2020, 8:30 p.m. Free

CONCERT. Philadelphia Orchestra. Lorin Manzel conduc- listing.

Linus Pauling, Paul Goodman, Arthur Waskow, Franz Schurman, Howard Zinn, Noam Chomsky, Dwight MacDonald, Robert McAffee Bown, Sidney Peck, Richard Mumma and Rt. Rev. Harlan "We stand beside the men who have been indicted for their support of draft resistance. If they are sentenced, we too must be sentenced. If they are imprisoned, we will take their places and will continue to use what means

Many people in the anti-war movement were startled to bear that the Justice Department had sought indictments against precisely those men who of all supporters of draft resistance had the most respect from liberal and moderate Americans, Dr. Benjamin Spock is a famed pediatrician, the Rev. William Sloan Coffin, chaplain of Yale University, Marcus Raskin, co-director of the Institute for Policy Studies, and a former White House to retaliate against young antiaide, Mitchell Goodman, an author, and Michael Ferber, a graduate student at Havard Univer-prosecuting unit at the Justice sity. Apparently the Administra- Department, particularly in the tion has decided to attack a few of context of the White House disthe most prominent proponents of cussions which set it up, and the resistance first, in order to iso - recent indictments are clear late resisters by blocking moderate indications of the direction the support; most likely this is in government has taken. Each of advance of a government program of serious repression of all dissent. The decision to prosecute for conspiring in a Boston church in an election year, of course, gives certain political advantages

SAMPLER CONCERT SERIES. Zino Francescatti, violinist & the Washington National Symphony. Same program as that listed fromJan. 16. 8:30 p.m. For ticket information call 628-7332.

VIGIL FOR PEACE, See Jan. 10 listing.

SQUARE DANCING. See Jan. 10 listing.

ICE SKATING. See Jan 10 listing.

THURSDAY -- JANUARY 18

CONCERT, Smithsonian Collegium Museum. Concert to inaugurate the newly restored chamber organ by Jacob Hilbus; Museum of History & Technology Auditorium,

FOLK DANCING. See Jan. 11

to Lyndon Johnson, who must face Eugene McCarthy in a presidential primary in the Kennedys' bome state.

General Hershey, whose loquaciousness has recently embarrassed slicker elements of the Administration, told the press that, "These indictments isolate the hard core .... I couldn't be more satisfied," and that the indictments might make young men "think twice before breaking the law."

we can to bring this war to an end. General Hershey also told the press that this series of indictments "reflect the true spirit" of the White House conversations of the past month, at which a special unit of the Justice Department was established to deal with violations of the draft law. There are rumors of a few similiar indictments to come in the near future, each naming several individuals.

The prosecution of H. Rap draft activists with induction notices, the formation of the new these repressive measures has laid the groundwork for the next. All are portents of a massive crackdown on organizers of resistance on black and white camcommunities and on campuses.

JAZZ. See Jan 12 listing.

COFFEE HOUSE, See Jan. 12 listing.

SOCIALIZING. See Jan. 12 listing.

DISCUSSION. See Jan. 12

listing.

SATURDAY - JANUARY 20

PLANO CONCERT. Artur Rubinstein, pianist, Washington Performing Arts Society; Constitution Hall. 8:30 p.m. For ticket information call 393-4433.

BALLET. The National Ballet, all Tchaikovsky program; Lisner Auditorium, GWU, 8:30 p.m. For ticket information call DU 7-5544. ICE SKATING. See Jan. 13 listing.

GALLERY TOUR Corcoran Gallery of Art, 17th St. and N. Y. Ave., NW, 1 pm; free

COFFEE HOUSE. See Jan. 12 listing.

See Jan. 13 listing. VIGIL FOR PEACE, See Jan, 13

INTERNATIONAL FOLK DANCING.

listing.

FOLK MUSIC. See Jan. 7 listing.

TEA with foreign students at International Student House, 1825 R St., NW, 4 pm; jacket and tie required for men.

## **EXTENDED EVENTS**

Mexican Graphic Art Exhibition, Graphic Arts Exhibit Hall, Museum of History & Technology, Constitution Ave. at 14th St., N. W.; open 9 am to 4:30 pm every day; thru Feb. 1.

EXHIBIT. Masters of Modern

Italian Art. The Phillips Collection, 1600 21 St., NW; thru Jan. Brown, General Hersbey's threats14; Tues. - Sat., 10 am - 5 pm; Sun., 2 - 7 pm, free.

